

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

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## THE LATE PROFESSOR HARE.

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In our last number we gave a sketch of the life of Judge Edmonds; and all men of right feeling cannot fail to admire the noble daring he has shewn and the worldly sacrifices he has made in the cause of Spiritualism. We desire now to claim our readers' attention to another name which must ever hold an honoured place in the history of Spiritualism—that of Professor Hare—one of the greatest chemists of modern times. His adhesion alone would be sufficient proof that the subject has been investigated by a man fully competent to the task.

In the recent controversy which arose out of one of the many masterly letters from the pen of William Howitt, published in the *Morning Star*, a correspondent signing himself "A Lover of the whole Truth" sought to lessen the value of Mr. Howitt's mention of Professor Hare's conversion to Spiritualism, by saying "It is a well-known fact, that soon after Professor Hare devoted his attention to these subjects, he went out of his mind, was confined in a lunatic asylum, and died mad."

Our readers may as well be informed that Professor Hare did not die mad—that he held for half a century the highest position in America as a professor of chemistry—that he was a leading member of various learned societies—and that he died a year or two since, at an advanced age, in the full possession of his faculties. This "lover of the whole truth," therefore, lent himself to the dissemination of an entire untruth! The opponents of Spiritualism seem to be driven to the necessity of descending either to ridicule, or to misrepresentation.

Some years before his death, Professor Hare wrote a book, which now stands as the noblest monument to his "love of truth" and self-sacrificing spirit, in placing himself at the mercy of an unbelieving and uncharitable world. In this volume he has placed on record, that this much-derided "table-talking" or "spirit-rapping," vulgarly so called, which he thought at first to be explainable on scientific principles, had effected that which all

pulpit eloquence had previously failed to do, an entire change in his religious feelings—by driving him, as it has done many others, from the materialistic errors to which he so tenaciously clung during a long and most useful life.

During his enquiries, and before his recognition of the truth of Spiritualism, Professor Hare had a correspondence, in 1854, with Mr. A. Holcomb, of Southwick, Mass. The Professor, as he himself states, had adopted, and was satisfied at that time with, the theory and explanations of Professor Faraday; and Mr. Holcomb was giving him, from his own experiences, proof of Faraday's error. He says: "I have seen tables move, and heard tunes beat on them when no person was within several feet of them. This fact is proof positive that the force or power is not muscular. If any further evidence was necessary to set aside Professor Faraday's explanation, it is found in abundance in the great variety of other facts taking place—such as musical instruments being played upon without any hands touching them, and a variety of heavy articles moved without any visible cause. I wish, sir, that you had leisure and opportunity to witness some other phases of this matter, which seem not yet to have fallen under your notice, and I think you would be satisfied that there is less 'hallucination' and 'self-deception' about it than you have imagined. If these things can be accounted for on scientific principles, would it not be a great acquisition to science to discover what those principles are? It is certainly of great importance that these strange things which are taking place everywhere should be explained. It is affecting the Churches seriously. No cause has yet been assigned that does not imply a greater absurdity than even to believe, as many do, that it is caused by spirits, either good or bad, or both."

To this letter Professor Hare replied: "I still concur with Faraday; and have seen nothing to make me believe in the spiritual manifestations. Yet I am not surprised that the latter should be believed in by those who have that belief, as there are phenomena which I cannot explain yet, any more than many which I have seen resulting from jugglery. I think you must be mistaken as respects a table moving when left to itself entirely. It would indeed be a glorious mercy if God would give us some evidence which should settle the religious opinions of mankind!"

In another letter, Mr. Holcomb, himself a materialist on the eve of conversion, and puzzled to find a way out of the difficulty in which he is placed by these manifestations, says: "You did not say whether you believed in the soul's immortality, or not: this is the most important of all questions to me, and how is it to be settled? If the Bible is not to be depended upon, and we have no communications from the spirit-world, what evidence have we

of immortality? I have been greatly afflicted with doubts upon this subject. You will at once see how desirous I am that these apparent communications should prove to be in *reality* from the spirit-world, as that would settle the question. I seize upon everything that seems to have a bearing upon the question of immortality; and I confess that I have strong hopes that Spiritualism, as it is termed, will settle the question. I suppose you are acquainted with the various and complicating explanations that have been given. They all appear, to my mind, perfectly absurd and incredible, and no two of them agree. The Rev. Dr. Beecher was appointed by his association to explain and report. He did so, and decides that the communications are from the spirits of the dead; but from the unblest portions of them. If it is from spirits, there is as much evidence that some of them are good, as that others are evil. If spirits communicate, it is certain that some of them deceive. It would appear that there are all sorts of characters, the same as there are in this world."

Professor Hare replies: "I hope for a future world, and therein to have a happier existence. All those reasons which have been advanced by wise and good men in favour of such futurity operate upon my mind as upon theirs; but if there be no such state of future existence, *I shall never wake up to feel my disappointment; it will only be a prolongation of a state of oblivion analogous to that we enter upon transiently every night.* The incentives which have acted upon you act also upon me. I have ~~seen~~ some of the manifestations on which you rely, but not so satisfactorily. The answers which I have received have not been worthy of the other world. A message, purporting to be from my father, amounted to this: '*Oh, my son, listen to reason*'—and there it ended.' I have, however, constructed an instrument to put the question of intelligence to the test. It works independently of any controul of the medium, as the letters, which must be seen to bring them correctly under the index, are concealed by a screen. I am about, by this contrivance, to test the manifestations farther."

Like a true philosopher, Professor Hare still went on investigating. He did not rush into print at once, and pronounce the thing a delusion or an imposture; and the result, as has been said, was his complete conviction of the truth of the manifestations. We have also Judge Edmonds's authority for saying that he died in the belief of the Christian religion.

At length, after two years' earnest investigation, his scientific tests failing him to detect imposture, the Professor found it impossible to withstand the accumulated proofs of spiritual agency, and he yielded up, as every honest investigator must do, all further doubt upon the subject. His final

conviction was brought about by the following test:—He was staying at Cape Island, and at one o'clock on a particular day, he dispatched a spirit-friend with a message to Mrs. Gourlay, a medium, residing at Philadelphia, requesting that her husband should make an enquiry from the note-clerk of a bank in that city, and bring him the answer at half-past three o'clock. The answer was duly received at the hour fixed upon. Nothing, however, was said upon the subject until his return to Philadelphia, when being at the residence of Dr. Gourlay, Professor Hare enquired if any message had been received, from him during his absence, and he was then informed that whilst Mrs. Gourlay was receiving a message from her spirit-mother, *his spirit-messenger interrupted them*, and desired her husband to go to the bank, which he did, and obtained the answer in the terms conveyed to Professor Hare; and on enquiry at the bank, the note-clerk confirmed the fact of Dr. Gourlay's visit.

In the preface to his book, from which we are now quoting, Professor Hare says: "Those who shall give a careful perusal to the following work will find that there has been some 'method in my madness,' and that if I am a victim to an intellectual epidemic, my mental constitution did not yield at once to the miasma. But let not the reader too readily 'lay the flattering unction to his soul' that 'tis my hallucination that is to be impugned, and not his ignorance and his educational errors. The most precise and laborious experiments which I have made in my investigation of Spiritualism have been assailed by the most disparaging suggestions as respects my capacity to avoid being the dupe of any medium employed. Had my conclusions been of the opposite kind, how much fulsome exaggeration would there not have been founded on my experience as an investigator of science for more than half a century; and now, in a case where my own direct evidence is adduced, the most ridiculous surmises as to my probable oversight or indiscretion are suggested as the means of escape from the only fair conclusion."

"It is a well-known saying that there is 'but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.' This idea was never verified more fully than in the position I find myself now occupying, accordingly as those by whom that position is viewed, may consider the manifestations which have given rise to it, in the light wherein they are now viewed by me—or as *they were two years ago viewed by myself*, and are *now seen* by my estimable contemporaries. I sincerely believe that I have communicated with the spirits of my parents, sister, brother, and dearest friends.

"Although the foregoing prefatory pages should have no other influence, they may operate to show my own deep conviction of the righteousness of my course, founded as I believe it to have

been, on the most precise, laborious, experimental enquiry, and built up under the guidance of my sainted father and other worthy immortals."

From the foregoing extracts it will be seen that Professor Hare was an honest bold investigator, and a man of vigorous mind up to the period at least of the publication of this book, and that he was no more mad than is William Howitt, Dr. Ashburner, Dr. James Garth Wilkinson, Sir Bulwer Lytton, in England; Dr. Hoefer, of Paris; Dale Owen, Judge Edmonds, the Rev. Adin Ballou, Governor Tallmadge, and Mrs. Stowe, of America—who have, with many other master minds, openly avowed their belief in the reality of spiritual phenomena, and their undoubted tendency to establish the proofs which so many require of the immortality of the soul.

What wonder if this generous large-hearted sensitive-minded philanthropist and scholar had died in a lunatic asylum!—driven there not in consequence of his "having devoted his attention to these subjects," but by the unchristian spirit with which his avowed conversion was met by the ignorant multitude, encouraged by the clergy and by his fellow associates of Harvard University, of which institution he was one of the oldest and most distinguished members.

Human nature seems to be the same in all countries. Priestcraft, bigotry, the pride of intellect, and the advantages which a portion of the press derives in pandering to the prejudices of the uninformed, make it a perilous step for any public man, however high may be his position, to proclaim his conversion to an unpopular truth; and thus it is that men like Faraday and Brewster in this boasted land of freedom and enlightenment, DARE NOT attempt a serious investigation of such a subject as Spiritualism, and that Dr. Blank, with whom we have the pleasure of being acquainted, was restrained by his friends, from a feeling of wise prudence, which his own honest impulses would have disregarded, to suppress his name when writing an account of his carefully-observed facts, to the *Spiritual Magazine* of April and August last.

However, that men of science should not investigate for scientific purposes is not, we think, of the least importance. Spiritualism does not lie in their domain; their evidence would only be of service so far as their authority might tend to silence those leaders of public opinion in the press, who can advance no further than to stigmatise Mr. Home as an impostor, and the believers in the reality of the phenomena witnessed in his presence, as simple-minded dupes.

It is for the clergy, of all denominations, to take the lead in the investigation of this momentous subject. It should not be

left in this country to be dealt with only by laymen. It forces itself upon us as a religious question; "You cannot," as the Rev. Dr. Maitland says, "put your foot upon it, as if it were a spider, and crush it out of existence." If it be a fact, it is a fact in nature, and must have a meaning in it, whether for good or evil. If for evil, a heavy responsibility lies upon the Church—the constituted organ of spiritual interpretation in this country—and it is, therefore, the solemn duty of the men of God, above all others, to give Spiritualism their earnest attention, and aid us in giving it a right direction.

## TWO OR THREE CASES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

### FOOTE, THE COMEDIAN.

REALLY can you open a book of almost any kind, and of apparently the most unlikely kind, without coming on the supernatural? If Dickens, or Novra, or Frikell, or Brewster, or Faraday, were to write their autobiographies, forgetting in that agreeable occupation the present moment and the tenor of opinion, you would be sure to find some relations of the marvellous. There is not a man alive fonder of ghost-stories, nor more frequently introducing them into his writings than Dickens. And who would have suspected the laughing, joking, quizzing Sam Foote of a visitation of the spiritual heresy? Sam Foote who had determined to make capital fun of Dr. Johnson for his belief in the Cock-lane Ghost in his three-act comedy of *The Orators*, and was only deterred from it by Sam Johnson sending him word that he would be at the play with "one of the stoutest oak cudgels that could be bought in town;" that he would put himself in the first row of the stage-box on the first night of representation, and on the first word of ridicule of himself, would spring on the stage and knock him down before all the audience.

Yet here is this wag of a fellow, so ready to ridicule the Cock-lane Ghost: this sarcastic Foote who turned conjuror with Sir Francis Delaval on one occasion in Leicester Square, and astonished the great ladies of the day, the Lady Mayoress amongst them, by telling them all their family secrets,—a much cleverer fellow than your Novras with their clumsy machinery, who think the making of a counterfeit sovereign ample proof that there are no real ones—here is this clever, laughing, tricking, player and man about town, whose soul you would have said had no more of the sublime and beautiful in it than the sole of his boot—in Cornwall, at his father's house, and what happens?

"Soon after his marriage," says his biographer, "he went

down to spend a month in Cornwall, at his father's, a useful magistrate, and the following remarkable circumstance occurred. The first night they came there, to their surprise on going to bed, they were entertained with a concert of music, seemingly under their window, and executed in a capital style. On relating the circumstance the next morning to his father, and complimenting him on his gallantry, the old gentleman absolutely denied any knowledge of the affair, and doubted the possibility of its occurring. The young couple, however, were positive as to what they had heard, and Foote was so impressed by it, that he made a memorandum of the time, which turned out to be the very night on which his maternal uncle, Sir John Dinely Goodere was murdered by his unnatural brother, Captain Goodere."

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EXPERIENCES OF THE LATE HUGH MILLER, THE GEOLOGIST.

APPARITIONS DURING A WEEK.

The good Hugh Miller, who was not too scientific to believe in the existence of more laws of nature than belong solely to this earth, relates in his autobiography—*My Schools and Schoolmasters*—the wreck of his father's vessel. The story is told in the words of the mate, who reached home first, and brought the news:—

"We left Peterhead," he said, "with about half a cargo of coal,—for we had lightened ship a day or two before,—and the gale freshened as the night came on. We made all tight, however; and though the snowdrift was so blinding in the thick of the shower that I could scarce see my hand before me, and though it soon began to blow great guns, we had given the land a good offing, and the hurricane blew the right way. Just as we were loosening from the quay, a poor young woman, much knocked up, with a child in her arms, had come to the vessel's side, and begged hard of master to take her aboard. She was a soldier's wife, and was travelling to join her husband at Fort George, but she was already worn out and penniless, she said; and now, as a snow-storm threatened to block up the roads, she could neither stay where she was, nor pursue her journey. Her infant too, she was sure, if she tried to force her way through the hills, would perish in the snow. The master, though unwilling to cumber us with a passenger in such bad weather, was induced, out of pity for the poor destitute creature, to take her aboard. And she was now with her child all alone below in the cabin. I was stationed ahead, on the look-out beside the foresail horse: the night had grown pitch dark; and the lamp in the binnacle threw just light enough through the grey of the shower to show me the master at the helm. He was more anxious, I thought, than I had ever seen him before, though I have been with him

in ships in bad weather; and all at once I saw that he had got company—and strange company too, for such a night: there was a woman moving round him, with a child in her arms. I could see her as distinctly as I ever saw anything,—now on the one side, now on the other,—at one time full in the light, at another half lost in the darkness. That, I said to myself, must be the soldier's wife and his child; but how, in the name of wonder, can the master allow a woman to come on deck in such a night as this, when we ourselves have just enough to do to keep footing? He takes no notice of her neither, but keeps looking on, quite in his wont, at the binnacle. 'Master,' I said, stepping up to him, 'the woman had surely better go below.' 'What woman, Jack?' said he; 'our passenger, you may be sure, is nowhere else.' I looked round the ship and found he was quite alone, and that the companion-head was hasped down. Then came a cold sweat all over me. 'Jack,' said the master, 'the night is getting worse, and the roll of the waves heightening every moment. I'm convinced, too, our cargo is shifting: as the last sea struck us, I heard the coals rattle below; and see how stiffly we heel to the larboard. Say nothing, however, to the men, but have all your wits about you; and look, meantime, to the boat-tackle and the oars. I have seen a boat live in as bad a night as this.' As he spoke, a blue light from above glimmered on the deck. We looked up and saw a dead-fire sticking on the cross-trees. 'It's all over, master,' said I. 'Nay, man,' replied the master, in his easy, humorous way, which I always like well enough, except in bad weather, and then I see his humour is served out like his grog, to keep up hearts that have cause enough to get low. 'Nay, man,' he said, 'we cannot afford to let your grandmother board us to-night. If you will insure us against the shifting coal, I'll be your guarantee against the dead-light. Why, it's as much a natural appearance, man, as a flash of lightning. Away to your berth, and keep up a good heart; we can't be far from Covesea now, where, when once past the Skerries, the swell will take off, and then in two short hours we may be snug astern the Sutors.' "

They were destined never to see the Sutors; a heavy sea struck the vessel, the coals ran to the larboard side, and they were soon wrecked on the terrible bar of Findhorn. The master endeavoured in vain to get into the cabin and save the woman and child. They were both drowned below, and the master was nearly swept overboard by a tremendous sea. He and the men, however, escaped by clinging to the shrouds till relief came. The dead-light had only appeared for the woman and child.

Hugh Miller as a boy seemed to have been a regular medium. He says, "I have a distinct recollection, too,—but it belongs to



a later period,—of seeing my ancestor, old John Fiddes the buccaner, though he must have been dead at the time considerably more than half a century. \* \* \* One day when playing all alone at the stair-foot—for the inmates of the house had gone out—something extraordinary had caught my eye in the landing-place above; and looking up there stood John Fiddes,—for I somehow instinctively divined that it was none other than he,—in the form of a large, tall, very old man, attired in a light blue greatcoat. He seemed to be regarding me with apparent complacency; but I was sadly frightened; and for years after, when passing through the dingy, ill-lighted room out of which I inferred that he had come, I used to feel not at all sure that I might not tilt against old John in the dark.”

When Hugh Miller's father at length perished with his vessel, the event was announced by another extraordinary phenomenon: “There were no forebodings in the master's dwelling; for his Peterhead letter—a brief but hopeful missive—had just been received: and my mother was sitting on the evening after, beside the household fire, plying the cheerful needle, when the house door, which had been left unfastened, fell open, and I was dispatched from her side to shut it. What follows must be regarded as simply the recollection, though a vivid one, of a boy who had completed his fifth year only a month before. Day had not wholly disappeared, but it was fast posting on to night, and a grey haze spread a natural tint of dinness over every more distant object, but left the nearer ones comparatively distinct, when I saw at the open door, within less than a yard of my breast, as plainly as I ever saw anything, a dissevered hand and arm stretched towards me. Hand and arm were apparently those of a female: they bore a livid and sodden appearance; and directly fronting me, where the body ought to have been, there was only blank, transparent space, through which I could see the dim forms of the objects beyond. I was fearfully startled, and ran shrieking to my mother, telling what I had seen; and the house-girl, whom she next sent to shut the door, apparently affected by my terror, also returned frightened, and said that she too had seen the woman's hand—which, however, did not seem to be the case. And finally, my mother going to the door, saw nothing, though she appeared much impressed by the extremeness of my terror, and the minuteness of my description.” The news of the loss of his father duly followed this apparition.

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## THE DEATH-BLOW OF AMERICAN SLAVERY FROM SPIRITUALISM.

[Extracted from a Letter from Judge Edmonds, 30th December, 1860.]

SPIRITUALISM is doing a mighty work here just now, but without getting the credit of it. I allude to the dissolution of our Union, on the Slavery question.

About seven years ago, just after I lost my office, I devoted two months or more to lecturing on the subject; I ranged in my mission from Boston at the east, to the Mississippi in the west,—going as far south as the Ohio River, and as far north as Milwaukee, on Lake Michigan. I lectured to many thousands, and saw and conversed with as many more; and I learned something of the state of feeling in the nation. On my return I said that Spiritualism was so generally diffused, that when the question of Slavery came up, it would receive its death-blow through those who had embraced our faith. I thought we were even then numerous enough to hold the balance of power between the political parties in the country; and if we were not, that we soon would be. In the Presidential election of 1856, we came very near it, and now in 1860 we have accomplished it.

We number two or three millions of Spiritualists in the United States; and I suppose, without an exception, every elector among us has quietly gone into the Anti-Slavery ranks, whatever may have been his previous party attachments. It required no organization to do this; there was no necessity for making a formal appeal to them: the principles of our faith did the work in each man's heart.

And now the fatal blow has been struck. We shall have a dissolution of our Union—temporary perhaps, but *pro hac vice*, a dissolution. The Slave States themselves will thereby release us from the obligation we are now under to tolerate it: they will form a Confederation of their own, without our sustaining aid; and then will come, among themselves, as a matter of necessity, the abolition of Slavery.

When to the physical freedom which our institutions secure to us is added the large mental freedom which our faith teaches, the result will be inevitable.

It may be that in retribution of our national sin, we are to attain that result only through a servile insurrection, and perhaps a civil war; but the result will come as certain as the grave. And out of the state of things thus produced will spring a condition of mind among our whole people, admirably fitted for the reception of our faith.

I may not remain on earth long enough to behold this result, but you who are younger may ; and you will see that the element that has been at work has been based upon the true principles of Christianity, as purified and vitalized by spiritual intercourse.

The movement has been conducted with a marvellous wisdom, far beyond man's fashioning. "*Quem Deus, &c.*" is written on the front of secession, and a feeling of calm confidence and gentle charity pervades the rest of our people, indicative of the best results.

I am not reckoning without my host in this matter. I know what I say, and I can see evidences of my correctness all around me. And must it not be so ? Can so great a work as Spiritualism aims at be done without a great commotion ? As the Crusades protected Christianity against the approach of Mahomedanism, and the Reformation of Luther was attained only through a thirty-years' war, so now our task must stir the world up from its very foundation.

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## GLIMPSES OF SPIRITUALISM IN THE EAST.

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A BELIEF in spirit communion and influx has prevailed in the East from the earliest time ; not alone in Judea, but throughout the Orient have this and kindred knowledges been received and practised, as the Bible, History, Tradition, Mythology, and extant monuments all attest. The oriental in many respects differs from the occidental mind ; it is rather intuitive than scientific, meditative than logical ; less immersed in nature, it appears more open to influx both of good and evil from the Spirit world. The East has been the cradle of the religions and philosophies of the world, as the West has been of its sciences and practical arts. To gather up all that is known of Spiritualism, past and present, among the nations of the East, would be a most useful work, which we should be glad to see performed by a competent hand. The object of the present sketch is simply to present the reader with a few of those random and casual glimpses of oriental Spiritualism of a more recent date, which we catch in the writings of missionaries and travellers, and in general literature.

For our first glimpse we shall be indebted to Dr. Wolff, "late missionary to the Jews and Mohammedans in Persia, Bokhara, Cashmeer, &c.\*" In the piquant and curious narration we subjoin, it will be seen that Wolff speaks of himself in the third person, as he does throughout the volume :—

Now for something about magic ; for, although the event about to be recorded

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\* Travels and Adventures of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., LL.D.

happened after Wolff's *second* journey into Egypt, he will give it in this place. Wolff was asked whether he believed in magic; to which he replied that he believed everything that is found in the Bible; and even, though all the philosophers should ridicule him, he boldly repeats that he believes everything in the Bible; and the existence of witches and wizards is to be found there, of whom, doubtless, the devil is the originator; and Wolff believes that there are spirits in the air, for the Apostle tells us so; and Wolff believes also that the devil has access, even now, into Heaven, to calumniate man, for so we read in the Book of Job, and in the 12th chapter of the Apocalypse. However, with regard to witchcraft, he has seen it with his own eyes, and here he tells the story.

He was sitting one day at the table of Mr. Salt, dining with him. The guests who were invited were as follows: Bokhti, the Swedish Consul-General, a nasty atheist and infidel; Major Ross, of Rosstrevor, in Ireland, a gentleman in every respect, and highly principled; Spurrier, a nice English gentleman; Wolff himself; and Caviglia, who was the only believer in magic there. Salt began to say (his face leaning on his hand), "I wish to know who has stolen a dozen of my silver spoons, a dozen forks, and a dozen knives." Caviglia said, "If you want to know, you must send for the magician." Salt laughed, and so did they all, when Salt suddenly said, "Well, we must gratify Caviglia." He then called out for Osman, a renegade Scotchman, who was employed in the British Consulate as janissary and cicerone for travellers. Osman came into the room, and Salt ordered him to go and fetch the magician. The magician came, with fiery sparkling eyes and long hair, and Salt stated to him the case, on which he said, "I shall come again to-morrow at noon, before which time you must either have procured a woman with child, or a boy seven years of age; either of whom will tell who has been the thief." Bokhti, the scoffing infidel, whom Salt never introduced to Wolff, for fear he should make a quarrel betwixt them, said, "I am determined to unmask imposture, and, therefore, I shall bring to-morrow a boy who is not quite seven years of age, and who came a week ago from Leghorn. He has not stirred out of my house, nor does he know anybody, nor is he known to anybody, and he does not speak Arabic; him I will bring with me for the magician."

The boy came at the time appointed, and all the party were again present, when the magician entered with a large pan in his hand, into which he poured some black colour, and mumbled some unintelligible words; and then he said to the boy, "Stretch out your hands." He said this in Arabic, which the boy did not understand. But Wolff interpreted what the magician had said, and then the boy stretched out his hand flat, when the magician put some of the black colour upon his palm, and said to him, "Do you see something?" which was interpreted to the lad. The boy coolly, in his Italian manner, shrugged his shoulders and replied, "*Vedo niente*" (I see nothing). Again the magician poured the coloured liquid into his hand, and mumbled some words, and asked the boy again, "Do you see something?" and the boy said the second time, "I see nothing." Then the magician poured the colour into his hand the third time, and enquired, "Do you see something?" on which the boy suddenly exclaimed—and it made every one of us turn pale and tremble in both knees, as if we were paralyzed—" *Io vedo un uomo!*" (I see a man). The fourth time the stuff was poured into his hand, when the boy loudly screamed out, "*Io vedo un uomo con un cappello!*" (I see a man with a hat), and, in short, after a dozen times of inquiry, he described the man so minutely, that all present exclaimed, "Santini is the thief!" And when Santini's room was searched, the silver spoons, &c., were found.

Wolff must remark that *no one*, except the boy, could see anything; all the other witnesses only saw the colour which the magician poured.

Mr. Lane, author of the *Modern Egyptians*, hearing of the foregoing adventure from Mr. Salt, was "desirous of witnessing a similar performance;" and was accordingly introduced to "the magician"—an Egyptian Sheykh, by the interpreter to the British Consulate. The Sheykh professed that his wonders were wrought by the agency of spirits; and in preparing for the experiment Mr. Lane witnessed, the names of two of these spirits,

together with certain forms of invocation, were written upon slips of paper, as instrumental "to open the boy's eyes in a supernatural manner; to make his sight pierce into what is to us the invisible world." Mr. Lane proceeds:—

I had prepared, by the magician's direction, some frankincense and coriander-seed,\* and a chafing-dish, with some live charcoal in it. These were now brought into the room, together with the boy who was to be employed: he had been called in, by my desire, from among some boys in the street, returning from a manufactory: and was about eight or nine years of age. In reply to my enquiry respecting the description of persons who could see in the magic mirror of ink, the magician said that they were a boy not arrived at puberty, a virgin, a black female slave, and a pregnant woman. The chafing-dish was placed before him and the boy; and the latter was placed on a seat. The magician now desired my servant to put some frankincense and coriander-seed into the chafing-dish; then, taking hold of the boy's right hand, he drew in the palm of it a magic square. The figures which it contains are Arabic numerals. In the centre he poured a little ink, and desired the boy to look into it, and tell him if he could see his face reflected in it; the boy replied that he saw his face clearly. The magician, holding the boy's hand all the while, told him to continue looking intently into the ink; and not to raise his head.

He then took one of the little strips of paper inscribed with the forms of invocation, and dropped it into the chafing-dish upon the burning coals and perfumes, which had already filled the room with their smoke; and as he did this, he commenced an indistinct muttering of words, which he continued during the whole process, excepting when he had to ask the boy a question, or to tell him what he was to say. The piece of paper containing the words from the Kur-ân, he placed inside the fore part of the boy's *tákeeyeh*, or skull-cap. He then asked him if he saw anything in the ink, and was answered "No:" but about a minute after, the boy, trembling, and seeming much frightened, said, "I see a man sweeping the ground." "When he has done sweeping," said the magician, "tell me." Presently the boy said, "He has done." The magician then again interrupted his muttering to ask the boy if he knew what a *beyrak* (or flag) was; and being answered "Yes," desired him to say, "Bring a flag." The boy did so, and soon said, "He has brought a flag." What colour is it?" asked the magician: the boy replied "Red." He was told to call for another flag, which he did; and soon after he said that he saw another brought, and that it was black. In like manner he was told to call for a third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh; which he described as being successively brought before him, specifying their colours as white, green, black, red, and blue. The magician then asked him (as he did, also, each time that a new flag was described as being brought), "How many flags have you now before you?" "Seven," answered the boy. While this was going on, the magician put the second and third of the small strips of paper upon which the forms of invocation were written, into the chafing-dish; and fresh frankincense and coriander-seed having been repeatedly added, the fumes became painful to the eyes. When the boy had described the seven flags as appearing to him, he was desired to say, "Bring the Sultan's tent, and pitch it." This he did; and in about a minute after, he said, "Some men have brought the tent, a large green tent: they are pitching it;" and presently he added, "they have set it up." "Now," said the magician, "order the soldiers to come, and to pitch their camp around the tent of the Sultan." The boy did as he was desired, and immediately said, "I see a great many soldiers, with their tents: they have pitched their tents." He was then told to order that the soldiers should be drawn up in ranks; and, having done so, he presently said that he saw them thus arranged. The magician had put the fourth of the little strips of paper into the chafing-dish; and soon after, he did the same with the fifth. He now said, "Tell some of the people to bring a bull." The boy gave the order required, and said, "I see a bull; it is red; four men are dragging it along, and three are

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\* He generally requires some benzoin to be added to these.

beating it." He was told to desire them to kill it, and cut it up, and to put the meat in saucepans, and cook it. He did as he was directed, and described these operations as apparently performed before his eyes. "Tell the soldiers," said the magician, "to eat it." The boy did so, and said, "They are eating it. They have done, and are washing their hands." The magician then told him to call for the Sultan; and the boy having done this, said, "I see the Sultan riding to his tent, on a bay horse; and he has on his head a high red cap: he has alighted at his tent, and sat down within it." "Desire them to bring coffee to the Sultan," said the magician, "and to form the court." These orders were given by the boy, and he said that he saw them performed. The magician had put the last of the six little strips of paper into the chafing-dish. In his mutterings I distinguished nothing but the words of the written invocation frequently repeated, excepting on two or three occasions, when I heard him say, "If they demand information, inform them; and be ye veracious." But much that he repeated was inaudible, and as I did not ask him to teach me his art, I do not pretend to assert that I am fully acquainted with his invocations.

He now addressed himself to me, and asked me if I wished the boy to see any person who was absent or dead. I named Lord Nelson; of whom the boy had evidently never heard, for it was with much difficulty that he pronounced the name, after several trials. The magician desired the boy to say to the Sultan—"My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson: bring him before my eyes, that I may see him, speedily." The boy then said so, and almost immediately added, "A messenger is gone, and has returned, and brought a man, dressed in a black suit of European clothes: the man has lost his left arm." He then paused for a moment or two, and, looking more intently and more closely into the ink, said, "No, he has not lost his left arm; but it is placed to his breast." This correction made his description more striking than it had been without it, since Lord Nelson generally had his empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat: but it was the *right* arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician whether the objects appeared in the ink as if actually before the eyes, or as if in a glass, which makes the right appear the left. He answered, that they appeared as in a mirror. This rendered the boy's description faultless.\*

The next person I called for was a native of Egypt, who has been for many years resident in England, where he has adopted our dress; and who had been long confined to his bed by illness before I embarked for this country. I thought that his name, one not very uncommon in Egypt, might make the boy describe him incorrectly; though another boy, on the former visit of the magician, had described this same person as wearing a European dress, like that in which I last saw him. In the present case the boy said, "Here is a man brought on a kind of bier, and wrapped up in a sheet." This description would suit, supposing the person in question to be still confined to his bed, or if he be dead.† The boy described his face as covered, and was told to order that it should be uncovered. This he did, and then said, "His face is pale; and he has moustaches, but no beard:" which is correct.

Several other persons were successively called for; but the boy's descriptions of them were imperfect, though not altogether incorrect. He represented each

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\* Whenever I desired the boy to call for any person to appear, I paid particular attention both to the magician and to 'Osmán. The latter gave no directions either by word or sign; and, indeed, he was generally unacquainted with the personal appearance of the individual called for. I took care that he had no previous communication with the boys; and have seen the experiment fail when he *could* have given directions to them, or to the magician. In short, it would be difficult to conceive any precaution which I did not take. It is important to add, that the dialect of the magician was more intelligible to me than to the boy. When I understood him perfectly at once, he was sometimes obliged to vary his words to make the *boy* comprehend what he said.

† A few months after this was written, I had the pleasure of hearing that the person here alluded to was in better health. Whether he was confined to his bed at the time when this experiment was performed, I have not been able to ascertain.

object as appearing less distinct than the preceding one; as if his sight were gradually becoming dim: he was a minute, or more, before he could give any description of the persons he professed to see towards the close of the performance; and the magician said it was useless to proceed with him. Another boy was then brought in, and the magic square, &c., made in his hand; but he could see nothing. The magician said he was too old.

Though completely puzzled, I was somewhat disappointed with his performances, for they fell short of what he had accomplished, in many instances, in presence of certain of my friends and countrymen. On one of these occasions, an Englishman present ridiculed the performance, and said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of the appearance of his own father; of whom, he was sure, no one of the company had any knowledge. The boy, accordingly, having called by name for the person alluded to, described a man in a Frank dress, with his hand placed to his head, wearing spectacles, and with one foot on the ground, and the other raised behind him, as if he were stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect: the peculiar position of the hand was occasioned by an almost constant head-ache; and that of the foot or leg, by a stiff knee, caused by a fall from a horse, in hunting. I am assured that, on this occasion, the boy accurately described each person and thing that was called for. On another occasion, Shakespeare was described with the most minute correctness, both as to person and dress; and I might add several other cases in which the same magician has excited astonishment in the sober minds of Englishmen of my acquaintance. A short time since, after performing in the usual manner, by means of a boy, he prepared the magic mirror in the hand of a young English lady, who, on looking into it for a little while, said that she saw a broom sweeping the ground without anybody holding it, and was so much frightened that she would look no longer.

I have stated these facts partly from my own experience, and partly as they came to my knowledge on the authority of respectable persons. The reader may be tempted to think that, in each instance, the boy saw images produced by some reflection in the ink; but this was evidently not the case; or that he was a confederate, or guided by leading questions. That there was no collusion, I satisfactorily ascertained, by selecting the boy who performed the part above described in my presence from a number of others passing by in the street, and by his rejecting a present which I afterwards offered him with the view of inducing him to confess that he did not really see what he had professed to have seen. I tried the veracity of another boy on a subsequent occasion in the same manner, and the result was the same. The experiment often entirely fails; but when the boy employed is right in one case, he generally is so in all: when he gives, at first, an account altogether wrong, the magician usually dismisses him at once, saying that he is too old. The perfumes, or excited imagination, or fear, may be supposed to affect the vision of the boy who describes objects as appearing to him in the ink; but, if so, why does he see exactly what is required, and objects of which he can have had no previous particular notion? Neither I nor others have been able to discover any clue by which to penetrate the mystery; and if the reader be alike unable to give the solution, I hope that he will not allow the above account to induce in his mind any degree of scepticism with respect to other portions of this work.\*

Mrs. Poole, sister of Mr. Lane, writing of this "supposed

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\* It has been suggested (in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 117) that the performances were effected by means of pictures and a concave mirror; and that the images of the former were reflected from the surface of the mirror, and received on a cloud of smoke under the eyes of the boy. This, however, I cannot admit, because such means could not have been employed without my perceiving them; nor would the images be reversed (unless the pictures were so) by being reflected from the surface of a mirror, and received upon a second surface; for the boy was looking down upon the palm of his hand, so that an image could not be formed upon the smoke (which was copious, but not dense) between his eye and the supposed mirror.—MRS. POOLE.

mystery" more than two years after, says, "my brother thinks he can now explain, at least so far as to satisfy any reasonable person, respecting most, if not all, of the most surprising of the feats to which I have alluded." The explanation given is, "that his successes are to be attributed chiefly to the interpreter, but partly also to leading questions, and partly to mere guessing." But "two travellers, one of them M. Leon Delaborde, the other an Englishman, both instructed by the magician of whom I am speaking, are stated to have succeeded in performing similar feats." This is indeed a difficulty, and it is not at all lessened by the supposition "that those feats were accomplished by means of the suggestion of the interpreter or interpreters." Mrs. Crowe remarks:—

Monsieur Laborde purchased the secret of Achmed, who said he had learnt it from two celebrated Scheicks of his own country, which was Algiers. Mons. L. found it connected both with physics and magnetism, and he practised it himself afterwards with perfect success, and he affirms positively, that under the influence of a particular organization, and certain ceremonies, amongst which he cannot distinguish which are indispensable and which are not, that children without fraud or collusion can see as through a window, or peep-hole, people moving, who appear and disappear at command, and with whom they hold communications,—and they remember everything after the operation. He says, "I narrate, but explain nothing; I produced those effects, but cannot comprehend them; I only affirm in the most positive manner, that what I relate is true. I performed the experiment in various places, with various subjects, before numerous witnesses, in my own room or other rooms, in the open air, and even in a boat on the Nile. The exactitude and detailed descriptions of persons, places, and scenes, could by no possibility be feigned."

Moreover, Baron Dupotet has very lately succeeded in obtaining these phenomena in Paris, from persons, not somnambule, selected from his audience; the chief difference being that they did not recollect what they had seen when the crisis was over.

The "English gentleman" mentioned by Mrs. Poole is probably the same "English gentleman of high character, himself one of the eye-witnesses of the feats of the modern Maugraby," referred to in the *Quarterly Review* (No. 117) as the writer of a paper on this subject, appended by the editor to a review of Mr. Lane's book. In this paper the writer says:—

This I am prepared to assert—that no collusion exists between the magician and the boy: and this is the decided conviction of all those who have taken any pains to enquire into the fact. Though many eye-witnesses, fully capable of suggesting and imagining different means used for such a purpose, have acknowledged the utter impossibility of accounting for it, yet we frequently meet with persons in this country who have never seen the magician ready to offer some crude notions of their own for explaining it, and without hearing half the details, imagining, with wonderful simplicity, that they have discovered the optical delusion, or the ordinary sleight of hand, by which it is performed. But let it be remembered, that conjurors are as common in Egypt as in England, more anciently known there, and quite as dexterous as ours; yet the Cairenes do not pretend that their tricks are the effect of magic, nor do they confound the performances of the magician and the conjuror. The magician does not make a livelihood by them: whenever I engaged him, he came rather as a matter of favour, and only required enough to cover the expense of the incense. He was of the medical profession, and was attached to the Cadi's court.



He also gives the following particulars of an interview, communicated to him "by more than one person present on the occasion." One of the boys made use of to see in this "magic mirrow of ink," (about half-a-teaspoonful, forming a liquid ball about the size of a pistol bullet, poured into the boy's hand), was a son of M. Massora, the dragoman of the French Consulate, and described as "dull and heavy." After the usual preliminaries, the boy saw in the ink the sweeper, the seven flags, the troops, the tents, and the Sultan, as had been seen by another boy on the occasion described by Mr. Lane; and then:—

The magician observed to the company, "Whatever question you wish to ask, now is the time." M. Delaborde, who would not tell any one of the party for whom he was about to ask, in order to obviate the possibility of collusion, demanded—"le Duc de la Rivière." The boy repeated the order. "A cavass," he said, "is gone for him." He was brought into the presence of the Sultan, dressed in uniform, with silver lace round his collar and cuffs, and round his hat. M. Delaborde observed, "This is an extraordinary coincidence." Monsieur de la Rivière is the *only* officer in France, whose uniform is decorated with silver lace. It is the uniform of *le grande veneur*. The magician then placed his hand over the boy's eyes, and took him from his seat. The boy, whose countenance had brightened while seeing these strange sights, endeavoured by looking again into the ink in his hand, to see them once more, but in vain. During the operation, when the first man appeared, he had explained how he was dressed, and told his colours and forms of the flags as they appeared, with the eagerness of delight. When, therefore, all was over, the party questioned him on the subject, and asked him how he knew it was the Sultan: he replied, "his dress was magnificent, his attendants stood with their arms crossed over their breast; they served him in the tent; he took the post of honour on the divan; his pipes and coffee-stand were brilliant with diamonds." "But how," he was asked, "did you know that the Sultan sent for the duke?" The boy's expression was, "I saw the lips move to the words, and heard them in my ear."

Another time, a Nubian boy was brought in, and:—

One of the party asked for Shakespeare. On seeing the figure which appeared to him, the boy burst into a laugh: and when asked at what he laughed; he said, "here is a man who has his beard under his lip, and not on his chin; and he wears on his head a caudeel (a glass lamp shaped like a tumbler, with a narrow bottom) upside down." "Where did he live?" asked another; the answer was, "In an Island."

Much has been said about the failures which sometimes occurred; but, as is justly remarked by a reviewer, these "corroborate rather than weaken the impression produced" as they "furnish an additional testimony to the absence of all collusion" and "controvert the idea of legerdemain." Mr. Salt, Dr. Wolff, Lord Prudhoe, Major Felix, and others, who subjected the Sheikh to long and repeated examinations, were all impressed with the belief that what occurred in their presence was effected by supernatural power.

We have quoted at greater length on this subject than we intended, and will only add, that when Harriet Martineau visited Egypt in 1847, she procured a visit from the Sheikh Mah'greb'y, at which the nephews of Mr. Lane and other English

people were present, and though she pronounced the experiments, witnessed by her "total failures" she "arrived at the conclusion" which she says "I now hold—that it is an affair of mesmerism, and that the magician himself probably does not know it. If the truth were understood, I have no doubt that it would appear that, in the first instance, a capital *clairvoyant* did see and tell the things declared, under the influence of the old man's mesmeric power, and when there was accidentally a *rapport* established between the questioner and the boy." And she believes "the magician did not understand the causes either of his success or failure." With a little persuasion he was induced to allow her to take the place of the boy, and she says:—

In two minutes the sensation came. Presently I began to see such odd things in the pool of ink—it grew so large before my aching eyes, and showed such strange moving shadows, and clear symmetrical figures and intersecting lines, that I felt uncertain how long I could command my thoughts and words; and, considering the number of strangers present, I thought it more prudent to shake off the influence while I could, than to pursue the experiment. The perfumes might have some effect, though I was insensible to them (having no sense of smell), and so might the dead silence, and my steadfast gazing into the ink. But that there was a strong mesmeric influence present I am certain."

We think it very likely that there was this mesmeric influence; its presence, however, is not at all incompatible with the concurrent and controlling agency of a spiritual power; for there is abundant evidence to show that spiritual operations are largely conducted by mesmeric processes. But the discussion of this point would lead us too far from our present purpose, and our readers have probably had more than enough of "the magician" and his doings. Mr. Lane prefaces the foregoing account of him, with observing that "among the Egyptians magic is of two kinds, '*il'wee* (or high), and *soof'lee* (or low). The '*il'wee*, is said to be a science founded on the agency of God, and of his angels and good genii, and on other lawful mysteries; to be always employed for good purposes, and only attained and practised by men of probity. The *soof'lee* is believed to depend on the agency of the devil, and evil spirits and unbelieving genii; and to be used for bad purposes, and by bad men." He speaks of a learned Sheykh, named Ab'oo Roo-oo's, as "very highly celebrated" for his knowledge of the '*il'wee* (or high magic.) Even the more learned and sober of the people of this country, relate most incredible stories of his magical skill; and, by many this skill was attributed to "his having *Ginn* at his service, whom he could mentally consult and command." "He is said to have always employed this supernatural power, either for good or innocent purposes; and to have been much favoured by the present Ba'sha, who, some say, often consulted him." Let us give the reader a taste of his quality. Mr. Lane says:—

One of the most sensible of my Moos'lim friends, in this place (Cairo,) informs me that he once visited Ab'oo Roo-oo's, at Desoo'ck, in company with the Sheykh El-Emee'r, son of the Sheykh El-Emee'r El-Kebee'r, Sheykh of the sect of Ma'likees. My friend's companion asked their host to show them some proof of his skill in magic; and the latter complied with the request. "Let coffee be served to us," said the Sheykh El-Emee'r, "in my father's set of finga'ns and zurfs, which are at Musr." They waited a few minutes! and then the coffee was brought; and the Sheykh El-Emee'r looked at the finga'ns and zurfs, and said they were certainly his father's. He was next treated with sherbet, in what he declared himself satisfied were his father's ckool'lehs. He then wrote a letter to his father, and giving it to Ab'oo Roo-oo's, asked him to procure an answer to it. The magician took the letter, placed it behind a cushion of his deewa'n, and, a few minutes after, removing the cushion, showed him that this letter was gone, and that another was in its place. The Sheykh El-Emee'r took the latter; opened and read it; and found in it, in a handwriting which, he said, he could have sworn to be that of his father, a complete answer to what he had written, and an account of the state of his family which he proved, on his return to Cairo, a few days after, to be perfectly true.

It is remarked by the *Quarterly Review*, that "the *Ginn* or *Genii* continue now among the Arabs to act the same part, for the good or evil of the human race, as they are described to have done in the *Thousand and One Nights*." The same may be said of the "saints" or good spirits, and the "*efreets*"—guilty, earth-bound ghosts who haunt the scenes of their former wickedness and earthly passions. These latter seem to be more prevalent in the East, even than in Europe. Mrs. Poole, to whom we have already referred, though a "strong-minded lady," not at all given to believe in "ghosts" and "haunted houses," yet gives one of the strangest accounts of this kind, as occurring in her house at Cairo. It has some features in it peculiar to the East, but the *efreet* was accompanied by those mysterious "violent knockings at short intervals," with "heavy trampling" by invisible feet, with which readers of ghostly narratives are already familiar. Not only was she in consequence of these disturbances driven from the house, but "six families succeeded each other in it in as many weeks;" and all were driven out as she and her predecessors had been "by most obstinate persecutions, not only during the nights, but in broad day-light, of so violent a description, that the windows were all broken in a large upper chamber, our favourite room," &c.\*

Turning from Egypt to India, we find it remarked in a work on "The Hindoos," in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge;" that "in his belief in sorcery and witchcraft, the Hindoo resembles the great majority of mankind," and that "the belief in ghosts and apparitions has prevailed in all ages and countries; but in India, the world of spirits is as present to the imaginations

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\* It may be observed that the house had been the scene of the murder of a poor tradesman and two slaves by its former inhabitant and proprietor. Those who have not access to the *Englishwoman in Egypt*, will find the story of the "*Efreet*" in No. VIII. of the *Yorkshire Spiritual Tracts*.

of men as the world of matter by which we are surrounded." Some of their diviners, we are told, "chaunt incantations to the gods until their voice almost fails, become as if intoxicated or mad, and are believed to be inspired;" and "they possess the power of putting malevolent spirits to flight." A writer in the *Saturday Magazine*, observes that "the Indian jugglers by the natives generally are supposed to have intercourse with demons." Many of their feats are confessedly performed by the aid of spirits, though, of course, others are simply done by legerdemain.

The Karens are a people who inhabit all the mountain regions of the southern and eastern portions of Burmah proper, and all parts of the Tenasserim provinces extending into the western portions of Siam, and thence northward among the Shyans. Of their moral character, the Rev. Howard Malcolm, who was sent out on a missionary tour by the American Baptist Mission, says, "their domestic manners are less exceptionable than those of most heathen—truth, integrity, and hospitality, are universal. For a Karen to lie or cheat, is scarcely known. Females are in no respect degraded." He tells us, that "their only religious teachers are a sort of prophets called *Bokhos*, who predict events, and are greatly venerated by the people." "Besides these, is a set of wizards called *Wees*; who are far less respectable, but more numerous and more dreaded. They pretend to cure diseases, to know men's thoughts, and to converse with the spirits."

The Rev. Dr. Francis Mason, who has resided among these people as a Baptist Missionary for more than a quarter of a century, in an article in the *Examiner*, a Baptist paper of New York, gives an account of Spiritualism among the Karens, with whom he was stationed. "The effort to obtain a knowledge of the future from the spirits of the dead," he denounces as an "unhallowed practice." And he says, "I have ever dealt with it—not by examining the evidences for or against the alleged facts of spirits communicating with men, but by forbidding all attempts to procure such information, whether true or false." A practice quite accordant with the canon of current orthodoxy; but at present we are concerned with his facts rather than his philosophy. Let us then hear his testimony: as he is no friendly witness, it will, perhaps, be received with less suspicion. He tells us, that "Spiritualism has existed among the Karens from time immemorial":—

The Karens believe that the spirits of the dead are ever abroad on the earth. "Children and great grand-children!" said the elders, "the dead are among us. Nothing separates us from them but a white veil. They are here, but we see them not." Other genera of spiritual beings are supposed to dwell also on the earth; and a few gifted ones (mediums, in modern language), have eyes to see into the spiritual world, and power to hold converse with particular spirits.

One man told my assistant—he professed to believe in Christianity, but was not a member of the Church—that when going to Matah he saw on the way a company of evil spirits encamped in booths. The next year, when he passed the same way, he found they had built a village, at their former encampment. They had a chief over them, and he had built himself a house, larger than the rest, precisely on the model of the teacher's without, but within divided by seven white curtains into as many apartments. The whole village was encircled by a *cheral de frise* of dead men's bones. At another time, he saw an evil spirit that had built a dwelling near the chapel at Matah, and was engaged with a company of dependants in planting pointed stakes of dead men's bones all around it. The man called out to the spirit, "What do you mean by setting down so many stakes here?" The spirit was silent, but he made his followers pull up a part of the stakes.

Another individual had a familiar spirit that he consulted, and with which he conversed; but on hearing the Gospel, he professed to become converted, and had no more communication with his spirit. It had left him, he said; it spoke to him no more. After a protracted trial, I baptised him. I watched his case with much interest, and for several years, he led an unimpeachable Christian life; but on losing his religious zeal, and disagreeing with some of the Church members he removed to a distant village, where he could not attend the services of the Sabbath; and it was soon after reported that he had communications with his familiar spirit again. I sent a native preacher to visit him. The man said, he heard the voice which had conversed with him formerly, but it spoke very differently. Its language was exceedingly pleasant to hear, and produced great brokenness of heart. It said: "Love each other. Act righteously; act uprightly," with other exhortations such as he had heard from the teachers. An assistant was placed in the village near him, when the spirit left him again, and ever since he has maintained the character of a consistent Christian.

Several years ago, while preaching in a grove near a village of heathen Pwos, a man fell down in the midst of the sermon, in what I thought to be an epileptic fit; but after the service, I was told the man was not sick, but had a familiar spirit, and that the spirit had come upon him to forbid all the people to listen to me, for I preached falsehood. I visited him while under the influence of the spirit, and heard him sing out his denunciations against those that should receive the Gospel, like one half frantic, while his wife stood over him with a light, for it was said he would die if left without one. The man was subsequently converted, became a useful assistant, and was ordained and settled over a church within the last two or three years. He told me he could not account for his former exercises, but that it certainly appeared to him as if a spirit spoke, and he must tell what was communicated. He has not, so far as I am aware, had any communication with the unseen world since he first professed faith in Christ.

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Mr. Van Meter, writing in a recent communication from Bassein, of the irregularities in the Church, says: "The most serious case is in a strong tendency of a formerly substantial church member to the views and practices of the 'Spiritualists.' He pretends that communications are made to him by angels, and especially by Tway Poh, his former pastor, who died in 1853." It is no new thing with the Karens, but one of their old errors, and the most difficult to eradicate that I ever had to grapple with among them.

Here is a curious custom, once prevalent amongst the Cochin Chinese, and recorded "on good authority" by Dr. Brownson:—

In Cochin China, in the time of the predecessors of Gia-long, it was a custom in the province of Xu-Ngué, on certain solemnities, to invite the most celebrated tutelar genii of the towns and villages of the kingdom to games and a public trial of their strength. A long and heavy barque, with eight benches of oars, was placed dry in the centre of a large hall, and the trial consisted in seeing which of these could move it farthest, or with the greatest ease. The judges and spectators took their stand at a little distance, and saw, as they called the names and titles of the genii placed on the barque, the huge machine tip one side and then the other, and finally advance and then recede. Some of the genii would push it forward several feet, others only a few inches.

M. Huc, the Roman Catholic missionary, in his *Travels in Thibet, Tartary, and China*, and in his later works, *The Chinese Empire*, and *Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet* gives us repeated glimpses of Spiritualism in that region of the world. In his account of the embassy of Rubruk—the French ambassador to the Khan of Tartary in the thirteenth century, we find this account of “magic by rapping on a table;” which evidently, therefore, cannot be now patented as an original invention:—

When they (the soothsayers to the Tartar Emperor) were interrogated, they evoked their demons (spirits) by the sound of the tambourine, shaking it furiously; then falling into an ecstasy, they feigned to receive answers from their familiar spirits, and proclaimed them as oracles. It is rather curious, too, that *table-rapping* and *table-turning* were in use in the thirteenth century among these Mongols in the wilds of Tartary. Rubruk himself witnessed an instance of the kind. On the eve of the Ascension, when the mother of Mangou, feeling very ill, the first soothsayer was summoned for consultation, he “performed some magic by rapping on a table.”

Of that singular people, numbering one third of the world's population, whose country is now for the first time being opened to Western commerce and civilization, M. Huc furnishes many very interesting particulars. Though their philosophy and their aims are almost wholly of a secular kind, and their religion “having fallen into the abyss of scepticism” has degenerated into little else than formalism and official ceremony, they yet recognize spiritual intervention as a fact, and it is an element in their religious systems. Of their religions—beside that of Boodh, which is more properly the religion of India—“the first and most ancient is called *Jou-Khiao*, the doctrine of the lettered, of which Confucius is regarded as the reformer and patriarch.” The followers of this system are very regardful of certain rites and ceremonies which they pay to their ancestors, and especially to Confucius. “They have temples, chapels, and oratories dedicated to them, in which are tablets of chesnut-wood inscribed with large characters.—‘Throne (or seat) of the soul or spirit’ of such or such a one, with the name and title of the person in question.” The rites—which we need not describe—all imply the presence and cognizance of the spirit in whose honour they are performed. At the rites in honour of Confucius, M. Huc expressly says, “The spirit of Confucius is addressed as present.” And again, he tells us that the Chinese go to the sanctuary where the tablets are placed “to inform their ancestors of whatever of good or evil happens to their descendants.”

From the same authority we learn that—

The second religion of China is regarded by its disciples as the primitive one of its most ancient inhabitants. It has numerous analogies with the preceding: but the individual existence of genii and demons is recognised in it, independently of the parts of nature over which they preside. The priests and priestesses of this worship are devoted to celibacy, and practise magic, astrology, necromancy, and a thousand absurdities. They are called Tao-ssé or Doctors of Reason,

because their fundamental dogma taught by the renowned Lao Tssé, is that of a primordial reason which has created the world. This doctrine is contained in a work pompously entitled the *Book of the Way, and of Virtue*.

This is probably the same belief which in Japan is called Sinto (literally, the "way" or "doctrine"), and which recognises 'the existence of an infinite number of spirits, exercising an influence over the affairs of the world, who are to be propitiated by prayers and the observance of certain rules of conduct.'

Mr. Medwin, in his work on China, tells us that "the adherents of Taou believe firmly in demoniacal possession. There are some who are regularly possessed, and some who can induce possession, which they call 'dancing the god.' Magic arts are used, or said to be used by this sect, by means of which they work wonders. They profess to have constant intercourse with, and controul over, the demons of the invisible world."

Dr. Macgowan, in the *North China Herald*, has given an account of the peculiar mode of "table-turning," and of "the manner in which writing is performed by the agency of the *Kwei*, or spirits" in China. We extract his description of the latter:—

The table is sprinkled equally with bran, flour, dust, or other powder, and two media sit down at opposite sides, with their hands placed upon the table. A hemispherical basket, of about eight inches diameter, such as is commonly used for washing rice, is now reversed, and laid down with its edges laid resting upon the tips of one or two fingers of the two media. This basket is to act as penholder; and a reed or style is fastened to the rim, or a chopstick thrust through the interstices, with the point touching the powdered table. The ghost in the meantime, has been duly invoked with religious ceremonies, and the spectators stand round waiting the result in awe-struck silence. The result is not uniform. Sometimes the spirit summoned is unable to write, sometimes he is mischievously inclined, and the pen—for it always moves—will make either a few senseless flourishes on the table, or fashion sentences that are without meaning, or with a meaning that only misleads. This, however, is comparatively rare. In general, the words traced are arranged in the best form of composition, and they communicate intelligence wholly unknown to the operators. These operators are said to be not only unconscious, but unwilling participators in the feat. Sometimes, by the exercise of a strong will, they are unable to prevent the pencil from moving beyond the area it commands by its original position; but, in general, the fingers follow it in spite of themselves, till the whole table is covered with the ghostly message.

He tells us, that "in Ningpo, in 1843, there was scarcely a house in which it was not practised for a season almost daily. More recently a club of literary graduates were in the Pau-tek-kwan, Taouish temple, near the Temple of Confucius, for practising the *Ki*, as the ceremony is called; and many and marvellous are the revelations told of the spiritual manifestations which they elicited." Here is an anecdote Dr. Macgowan received from a Christian preacher:—

A Mr. Li, in the village of Manthan, near this city, enjoyed the reputation of being remarkably successful in consulting spirits. Our informant, Chin, formed one of the party which had determined to test Mr. Li's skill. It was agreed

that the spirit should be requested to write a prescription for the wife of one of their number, then confined to bed with sickness. Two boys, who had no knowledge of what information the party desired, were called to hold the basket. In a little time, the table was filled with characters, in which the diagnosis and treatment were clearly expressed—of course according to Chinese notions of pathology: the whole, when copied, was shown to be perfectly correct; displaying thus, it must be confessed, a degree of magnanimity which native doctors never show their confrères in the flesh.

The same Mr. Li, however, was less fortunate a few months ago, when he thought fit to make public a revelation he received from the Kwei on the subject of a new pretender to the throne of the empire. Three of the invoking party have been beheaded, and Mr. Li himself is now in hiding; and in imminent danger of becoming one of the *Kwei* himself.

As a pendant to this little statement, we subjoin what Mr. Newton, in an old number of the *New England Spiritualist*, vouches for as "certain facts within our own knowledge." He writes:—

Some two years ago, we occasionally met with a circle in this city (Boston), at which an intelligence purporting to be the spirit of a Chinaman repeatedly manifested himself, and communicated very freely. He was wont to congratulate us on the freedom from molestation with which our investigations and intercourse with the spirit-life could be pursued in this land—remarking that it was far otherwise among his own people. He stated that this intercourse had long been known and practised in China; but that of late years, exalted spirits had been endeavouring through this means, to impart light to his countrymen—to give them a purer religion and freer government—that thereby the opposition of the dominant classes had been aroused, and a violent persecution had been excited against those who had anything to do with spirit intercourse. In the province where he had lived, it had been carried to the extreme of putting to death those who practised it; and he himself had fallen a victim to this tyranny, having been burned at the stake for endeavouring to heal his own sick daughter by the laying on of hands, under spirit-direction. The details which he would sometimes give of his arrest and execution, were interesting and pathetic. He furthermore stated that this tyranny of the ruling dynasty had given rise to a rebellion, which the powers above were helping forward, and which he firmly believed would result in giving freedom to his beloved China.

This last statement, in regard to the existence of a rebellion, was first made some two weeks before the news of such a state of things had reached this country through the ordinary channels.

Another writer tells us of "a kind of spirit called the *wu-tung*," which by the Chinese is believed "to produce spiritual rappings in and about houses, and to cause burning flames to be seen;" also that:—

Written communications from spirits are not unfrequently sought for in the following manner:—Two persons support with their hands some object to which a pencil is attached in a vertical position, and extending to a table below, covered with sand. It is said that the movements of the pencil, involuntary as far as the persons holding it are concerned, but governed by the influences of spirits, describe certain characters which are easily deciphered, and which often bring to light remarkable disclosures and revelations. Many who regard themselves persons of superior intelligence, are firm believers in this mode of consulting spirits.

With these facts before us we can scarcely avoid his conclusion "that spirits occupy a prominent place among Chinese superstitions, and have an important practical bearing upon domestic and social life." According to some authorities, methods of communi-



cating with spirits of the departed have been known and practised in the Celestial Empire, "at least from the days of Laou-tse, and he was an aged man when Confucius was a youth, between five and six centuries before the Christian era."

Concerning another Eastern people, of whom we have lately heard a good deal—the Druses of Mount Lebanon—one of our periodicals recently contained a long article from an Englishman, who had spent six months among them: and he gives us some curious information as to their beliefs and customs. He informs us that they are divided into "*Akkals*, or initiated, and *Djahils*, or uninitiated." The Akkals are of both sexes, and are the most respected part of the nation. Their being Akkals does not, however, give them emolument of any kind. "They pursue the ordinary callings of life like other men." Of one of the most distinguished of the Akkals—the Sheikh Bechir, he says:—

An English gentleman, long resident in Lebanon, and in whose word the most implicit reliance can be placed, has told me that he has seen at the Sheikh's bidding a stick proceed unaided by anything, from one end of the room to another. Also, on two earthenware jars being placed in opposite corners of the room, one being filled with water and the other empty, the empty jar move across the room, the full jar rise and approach its companion, and empty its contents into it, the latter returning to its place in the way that it came.

Interested in this account, our author made the acquaintance of the Sheikh, and solicited an exhibition of his wonderful power, which he at first declined giving, on the ground that he had made it a rule that "except to effect cures he would have nothing more to do with the unseen world." At length, however, he was prevailed on, and here is what he saw:—"The Sheikh then took a common jar, which stood by the door filled with water for any one who wished to drink, and placed it on the floor between two of the company. Then he commenced certain 'recitations,' and movements of the hands, at a little distance from it. At first the jar did not move; but, as the recitations and the movements of the hands grew more rapid, it began to go round, first slowly and then quicker, until it moved at quite a rapid pace. The Sheikh pointed to it as in triumph, and then stopped his recitations, when the jar stopped turning. After perhaps half a minute's silence, he began to recite again, and, wonderful to say, the jar began to turn again. At last he stopped, took the jar out of the hands of those who were holding it, and held it for an instant to my ear, when I could plainly hear a singing noise, as if of boiling water, inside. He then poured the water carefully out of it, and gave it to the attendants to be refilled with water, and placed it where it had stood before, for any one wanting a drink to use.

That the feat of making the water-jar turn was a very wonderful one there can be no doubt; nor could I account for it by any natural or ordinary means whatever. But how it was accomplished, or whether any supernatural means whatever were used, I leave others to infer, not having myself formed an opinion on the subject, and intending simply to relate what I was myself an eye-witness of. What I was more curious to learn was, what the Sheikh himself thought on the subject of spirits being placed at man's disposal, and how he had, or believed he had, acquired the power which he was said to possess.

A few days afterward he rode over to see me, and we had a long conversation on the subject, which interested me the more as the Sheikh was evidently sincere in all he said regarding his belief in the power of spirits and the means he had used to acquire that power. That he firmly believes in his intercourse with the spiritual world is certain.

\* \* \* \* \*

His greatest triumphs have been in cures of epilepsy and confirmed madness,

in which I know of many instances where his success has been most wonderful. He resorts to no severe measures to those brought to him, nor does he use any medicine: simply repeating over them certain incantations, and making passes with his hands as if mesmerizing them.

For severe fevers he has a twine or thread, of which he sends the patient—no matter how far off—enough to tie around his wrists, when the sickness is said to pass away at once. A relation of his own told me that his (the relative's) wife had been afflicted for three years with a swelling, or tumour, of which the European doctors in Beyrout could make nothing, when at last she agreed to consult Sheik Bechir. The latter shut himself up in his room for thirty days, fasting all the time upon very small quantities of bread and water. He then took the case in hand, and after making several passes over the woman's body, she was in five minutes perfectly cured.

But what surprised me more than anything else about the Sheik was the singularly correct description he gave of countries, towns, and even portions of towns, which he could never have seen—having never been out of Syria—and even of some regarding which he could not have read much. He can only read Arabic, in which tongue works of information are very limited, and the number of Europeans with whom he has had any intercourse whatever might be counted upon his ten fingers. Moreover, he has never been further from his native mountain than Damascus or Beyrout, and that for only short periods, and at long intervals. He asked me to name any towns in which I had resided, and which I wished him to describe to me. I mentioned, among others, London, Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Cabool, Candahar, and Constantinople, each of which he literally painted in words to the very life, noticing the various kinds of vehicles, the dress of the different people, the variety of the buildings, and the peculiarities of the streets, with a fidelity which would have been a talent in any one who had visited them, but in a man who had never seen them was truly marvelous.

Here we must bring our extracts to a close; warning the reader that we have presented these glimpses simply as shewing a recognition of the fact of spiritual intercourse among peoples differing widely from ourselves in religion, civilisation, habits, and modes of thought; *not* as passing judgment of approval of their several qualities and modes. Spiritualism, like religion, we regard as a universal fact in man's history; and in considering both it seems to us that a vigilant and sound discretion is needed, in order that we may not confound things bearing the same name in consequence of some one or more broad superficial aspects which they possess in common, but which in their innate qualities and tendencies are mutually divergent. Both religion and Spiritualism may be inverted, till they sink into the dark and foul abysses of idolatrous pollution; or they may be significant of the highest communion of which man is capable; but, even in their lowest states, they testify to a spiritual nature in man linked to a world beyond the bounds of time and sense. This is the central truth which Spiritualism everywhere proclaims; and which, with God's blessing, it is our object to aid in establishing, not as an opinion which shall play around the head and come not near the heart, but as one of the deepest convictions of the human soul—such a conviction as shall be a sure foundation for all divine possibilities in human nature, and for those harmonious relations to God, Man, and Nature which the Creator has established.

T. S.

## A SPIRITUAL SEANCE AT MR. D. D. HOME'S.

THE following editorial remarks, introducing the letter of "A Plain Man," appeared in the *Sunday Times*, of the 17th February. The "Plain Man" is well-known to us, and we can personally vouch for his high character and intelligence, but he is in a position in this wicked world, which makes it a matter of prudence that it should not be known publicly that he has seen what he has seen. If science and religion are satisfied with this uncharitable state of things, we confess that we are not, and that we sigh for the days when every man and woman will be able to tell the truth without being robbed of their bread by the calumnies of those who are simply uninformed as to the facts which are observed. The editor of the *Sunday Times*, says:—

"In accordance with the pledge we made at the time when we inserted a notice of Mr. Novra's lecture, we hasten to give publicity to a letter which we have received, accompanied by the name and address of the writer. From the high position which that gentleman holds, and the widely-admitted truthfulness of his assertions, we cannot do otherwise than believe that he personally saw all that he relates, and thus we are again thrown back on the sea of doubt—anxious to arrive at the truth, yet unable to do so. Fortunately, it is not our duty to decide, or even to give our opinion on such matters; we, therefore, publish the letter, hoping that if a certain enlightening spirit is granted, which may clear up the truth, that it may be shed upon us, or that if the whole thing is fictitious and imaginary, the delusion may soon be dissipated. Too much credulity on the one hand is contemptible. A blind obstinacy has often nearly marred the best revelations which Providence has vouchsafed to science.

"To the Editor of the '*Sunday Times*.'"

"Sir,—For some time I have been waiting for a favourable opportunity to address you, and to state certain facts connected with Spiritualism, which clearly demonstrate the existence of what many persons seem determined to deny. Such sceptics, by their arguments, so far from doing any injury to the cause, have been the means of inducing many to enquire into the phenomena, who otherwise, in all probability, would never have thought of doing so, and as a consequence, have converted them into thorough believers. Nine such cases have occurred at my own house. Again, throughout all the books and articles I have read, I never have found advanced one single argument against the *possibility* of a communication with the spiritual world, but merely expositions of the tricks practised by some interested

persons, thus confirming those who were only half convinced, and enabling all who are fortunate enough to be present at a *bonâ fide séance*, more easily to distinguish between reality and deceit. Clearly, such persons deserve the thanks of us all. The columns of a newspaper could not admit, nor have I the time to write, the many reasons to be adduced in favour of the probability of spiritual manifestations; all I ask of you is to insert a plain statement, from a plain man, of certain facts so striking, extraordinary, and convincing, that those who have seen them cannot fail to believe, and by which not only are the ideas of a man's lifetime upset, but the very laws of nature and gravitation as hitherto understood appear to be scattered to the winds.

"A few nights since, a party of seven, including Mr. Home and two ladies, assembled, *en séance*, round a heavy large circular table. For a short time nothing extraordinary took place, but at length a convulsive throbbing was felt in the table, which shortly began to move, undulating with an easy, graceful movement, and raising itself at times about a foot off the ground. At the same time there were knocks in quick succession under the table, on the floor, ceiling, and round the room. A gentleman being under the table at the time, at Mr. Home's request, to guard against the possibility of collusion. In fact, I cannot give a better description of the noise than by referring to the scene in the pantomime at Drury Lane, prior to the appearance of the myriad of little sprites. After some trivial communications, a small hand-bell was held by me under the table, and in a few minutes I perceived, on looking down, a small white hand (every other hand belonging to the party assembled, being on the table), which commenced caressing and playing with mine. After ringing the bell once or twice (in my hand), I asked that it should be conveyed to a gentleman opposite, and no sooner was my wish expressed than I felt it pulled from my hand, and deposited in that of the gentleman I had indicated. This was done several times. The hand was smooth and white as a child's, and was quite visible, there being two large gas jets burning in the room. An accordion was held at the side of the table by Mr. Home, when the most lovely, plaintive, and melodious music was played, and no sooner had I expressed a wish to hear the "Last Rose of Summer," than that tune was played, at which moment the accordion was resting on my feet, without a hand of earthly description near it, it having been taken out of Mr. Home's hand and deposited there. Several hands now appeared in quick succession moving different articles of furniture; and one, a particularly powerful one, having touched Mr. Home, he exclaimed that enormous strength had been given him. It certainly had, and he proceeded at once

to exercise it. A block of wood, from the large arm of the tree of great weight, from the falling of which he was so wonderfully preserved, was taken up by Mr. Home as if it were a straw, carried round the room under his arm, and finally deposited near the table. It seemed of no weight to him, and yet, when two gentlemen, apparently much more powerful than Mr. Home, essayed, they could hardly move it. A singular circumstance connected with Mr. Home's receiving such extraordinary strength it is necessary to mention. One of the gentlemen present had lost a very dear friend in the late war in the Crimea, and who, prior to leaving this country, gave him his photograph. It was the only one he ever sat for, and after his decease the family asked for it to get it copied, but they had not returned it. On several occasions this spirit has manifested himself, and has constantly reproached this gentleman for having parted with it. On this evening a similar message was received, when he mentally asked for such a manifestation as would fully indentify him with the departed friend. When in the world, he was a most powerful muscular man; and to convince this gentleman it was he, he enabled Mr. Home, through himself, to lift this mass of timber, which at another time he could not have moved. The last words spelt out were 'Get back a copy at least.'

"Another hand now appeared: and on Mr. Home being touched by it, he exclaimed 'They are raising me; do not look at me till I am above the level of the table, as it might have the effect of bringing me down.' Almost at the same moment Mr. Home was raised up and floated in the air at the height of about five feet, touching one gentleman on the head slightly as he passed, but on approaching the window he came again gently to the ground. He remarked, 'Their strength is hardly great enough yet, but I feel it will be soon.' The table which for some time had remained passive, now began to heave and throb most violently, and finished by moving towards a sofa at the end of the room, obliging all sitting round it to follow it. We had scarcely resumed our seats, when our attention was attracted by seeing a small table move across the room; and finally, after much difficulty, raise itself, and stand in the centre of the large table round which we were sitting. 'Less earthly light' was now spelt out, and the two gas-lights were turned down, leaving merely a bright blazing fire, which clearly illuminated the whole room. This was scarcely done, when a small baby's hand was seen creeping up a gentleman's arm, and almost at the same time he perceived between Mr. Home and himself the form of an infant in white. Being naturally very fond of children, he thought nothing of it, merely imagining that his inclinations were known; but on his wife's asking if it was

not the spirit of her little child now passed away, a timid answer in the affirmative was given—a bright light appearing close to the sofa at the same moment, which, by degrees, faded, and at last disappeared. The small table, which it must be remembered was still on the large one, now began to move, and at the same moment the same hand that before imparted such supernatural strength to Mr. Home was again seen grasping him. His arms were raised above his head, he was again lifted about two feet off the ground and carried towards the window, and when there, he was raised to within about eighteen inches of the ceiling. After remaining floating for about two minutes he descended; but on coming near his chair, he was again elevated, and placed in a standing position in the centre of the table, together with the small one. His weight not resting on it, it had no effect, nor was there even a creak heard. In about a minute both Mr. Home and the small table were elevated for a fourth time in the air, about a foot off the surface of the large table, and, after remaining in that position for about a minute, he descended and resumed his seat. ‘Good night,’ being then spelt out, our meeting was put an end to.

“Such is a short account of this most remarkable and satisfactory *séance*. I need scarcely add that of necessity I have been compelled to omit many small details which, although interesting in themselves, sink into insignificance by the side of the wonderful manifestations above described. *Cui Bono?* many people will say. What can come of all this? Of what use is it? That can be easily be answered; and, if you wish, can form the subject of another letter. This one contains merely a record of facts.

“I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

“A PLAIN MAN.”

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

By MRS. CREDULOUS.

IN my report of a dialogue with my friend Scepticus, a slight sketch is given of the manner in which I believe the spiritual phenomena to be produced. Persons weighing my belief against the doctor's scepticism, may like to know on what facts or observations my theory is supported, and especially whether the explanation given of the resurrection of the spiritual body be anything more than a pleasant or plausible fancy. An account of a small part of the evidence by which my own mind has been

influenced, may elicit statements in confirmation, or disproof, from other enquirers.

Before I give any of my immediate experience, let me gather from seers of different countries, times, and degrees of perspicacity, their statements of the manner in which the release of the spirit was presented to their internal vision. Each one of these saw more or less dimly and partially, but we may find, by comparing their statements, how far the belief of Spiritualists in general is supported by the evidence of observation, and whether it agrees with the Scripture doctrine of the resurrection, as given by St. Paul in the 15th chapter of Corinthians.

Some readers will say, with Scepticus, "Swedenborg and the seers were visionaries, who fed their morbid imaginations till they were unable to distinguish between objective reality, and subjective appearance. Their dreams are unworthy the notice of a student of physical science." To these men of physical science, I would say, Look with a little more exactness, and if you find, first, that the coherence of Swedenborg's system is its most remarkable characteristic, and secondly, that if the accounts given by seers who never heard his name, not only confirm his assertions, but supply what he has left unexplained, you must seek some other source than 'dreams,' or 'heated imagination,' or 'pure invention,' to account for the conformity." A *visionary*, as the word is generally used, is one who allows his fancy to wander unchecked, careless of truth or reason. *His* beliefs or imaginations result from the incomplete working of his own brain. A *seer* is in a very different state. With him, as Spiritualists believe, and the Scriptures teach, the external senses being closed, and the brain being in a state of perfect repose, perhaps of inactivity, an internal sense is opened, which enables the seer to take cognizance of that internal or spiritual world, into which by change of state he has entered. We must not lose sight of this distinction. Of course it will be said that the existence of an internal world, and of an internal sense are assumptions. It is not my work to meet this objection at present.

First, then, as being first in order of time, and far beyond other seers in the extent and variety of his revelations, I place Swedenborg. His description of the process of death is as follows :—

When the body is no longer able to perform its functions in the natural world, corresponding to the thoughts and affections of its spirit, which it has from the spiritual world, then the man is said to die. This takes place when the respiratory motions of the lungs and the systolic motions of the heart cease; but still man does not die, but is only separated from the corporeal part which was of use to him in the world for man himself lives. It is said that man himself lives, because man is not man from the body, but from the spirit, since the spirit thinks in man, and thought with affection makes man. Hence it is evident that man when he dies, only passes from one world into another. Hence it is that

death, in the Word, in its internal sense, signifies resurrection and continuation of life. The inmost communication of the spirit is with the respiration and with the motion of the heart, its thought with the respiration and the affection, which is of love with the heart; wherefore, when these two motions cease in the body, there is immediately a separation. These two motions, namely, the respiratory motion of the lungs, and the systolic motion of the heart, are the very bonds, which being broken, the spirit is left to itself, and the body being then without the life of its spirit grows cold and putrifies. That the inmost communication of the spirit of man is with the respiration and with the heart, is because all the vital motions thence depend not only in general, but also in every part. The spirit of man after the separation, remains a little while in the body, but not longer than the total cessation of the heart's action, which takes place with variety according to the state of the disease of which the man dies; for the motion of the heart with some continues a long while, and with some not long; as soon as this motion ceases, the man is resuscitated; but this is done by the Lord alone. By resuscitation is meant the drawing forth of the spirit of man from the body, and its introduction into the spiritual world, which is commonly called resurrection.

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How resuscitation is effected has not only been told me, but also shewn by living experience. The experiment itself was made with me in order that I might fully know how it is done. I was brought into a state of insensibility as to the bodily senses, thus almost into the state of the dying; yet the interior life with thought, remaining entire, so that I perceived and retained in memory the things which occurred, and which occur to those who are resuscitated from the dead, I perceived that the respiration of the body was almost taken away, the interior respiration, which is of the spirit, remaining, conjoined with a slight and tacit respiration of the body. Then there was first given communication as to the pulse of the heart with the celestial kingdom. . . . . Angels thence were also seen, some at a distance, and two near the head, at which they were seated. Thence all proper affection was taken away, but still there remained thought and perception: I was in this state for some hours. The spirits then, who were around me, removed themselves, supposing that I was dead. There was also perceived an aromatic odour, as of an embalmed corpse, for when the celestial angels are present, then what is cadaverous is perceived as aromatic, and when spirits perceive this, they cannot approach. Thus also evil spirits are kept away from the spirit of man, when he is first introduced into eternal life.

The angels who were seated at the head were silent, only communicating their thoughts with mine, and when these are received, the angels know that the spirit of man is in such a state that it can be drawn forth from the body. The communication of their thoughts was made by looking in my face, for thus communications of the thoughts are made in heaven. Because thought and perception remained with me, in order that I might know and remember how resuscitation is effected, I perceived that those angels first enquired what my thought was, whether it was like the thought of those who die, which is usually about eternal life; and that they wished to keep my mind in that thought. It was afterwards said, that the spirit of man is held in its last thoughts when the body expires, until it returns to the thoughts, which are from its general or ruling affection in the world. Especially as it was given to me to perceive, and also to feel that there was a drawing, and as it were, a pulling out of the interiors of my mind, thus of my spirit, from the body; and it was said that this was from the Lord, and that thence is resurrection. When the celestial angels are with a resuscitated person, they do not leave him because they love every one, but when the spirit is such that he can no longer be in company with the celestial angels, he desires to depart from them; and when this is the case, angels come from the Lord's spiritual kingdom, by whom is given to him the use of light, for before he saw nothing, but only thought. It was also shewn how this is done. Those angels seemed as it were to roll off the coat of the left eye towards the septum of the nose, that the eye might be opened, and be enabled to see: the spirit does not perceive otherwise than that this is done, but it is an appearance. When the coat seems to have been rolled off, there appears something lucid, but obscure,



as when a man at first awaking looks through the eyelashes. This obscure lucidity seemed to me of a heavenly colour, but afterwards it was said that this takes place with variety. Afterwards something is felt to be rolled off softly from the face, and when this is done, spiritual thought is induced; that rolling off from the face is also an appearance, for by it is represented that he comes from natural thought into spiritual thought. The angels are extremely cautious least any idea should come from the resuscitated person, but what savours of love; they then tell him he is a spirit.—*Heaven and Hell*, 445-450.

As I wish merely to give the concurrent testimony of many seers, the remainder of Swedenborg's statement is omitted. It relates to the mode of introduction into the spiritual life, and the direction taken by the newly-risen human being according to his natural affections and affinities, the law of polarization and attraction according to *affinity* remaining as true in the glorious spirit-land, as it is found to be in the laboratory of the earthly chemist, or natural philosopher. The next extracts relating to this subject are from the *Seeress of Prevorst*.

She (the Seeress) was frequently in that state in which persons who have the faculty of ghost-seeing perceive their own spirit out of their body, which only enfold it as a thin gauze. She often saw herself out of her body, and sometimes double. She said: "It often appears to me that I am out of my body, and then I hover over it, and think of it; but this is not a pleasant feeling, *because I recognize my body*. But if my soul were bound more closely to my nerve-spirit, then would this be in closer union with my nerves; but the bonds of my nerve-spirit are daily becoming weaker." . . . . .

The Seeress said, that the separation of the spirit from soul and body in sleep-waking bore a great resemblance to death, but was not the same. When the spirit quits the body in the last moments, it becomes weak and helpless,—it cannot draw the soul after it, and can only wait. The dying person *is then unconscious of all that happens*: the future is hidden from him, and he can no longer express himself. When, previously to this moment, a dying person declares that he is now certain of the existence of a future state, &c., it is because the soul being no longer under the direction of the brain, recovers its natural power of clear-seeing and hope of the future, which had been before obscured. When the spirit has quitted the body, the soul knows it can no longer stay, but struggles to be free. This is the moment of the death-agony; and at this moment, instead of the now powerless spirit, the spirits of the blest stand by to aid the soul; and the struggle is longer or shorter, in cases of natural death, in proportion to the ease or difficulty with which the soul can separate itself from earthly things.

With respect to the nerve-spirit, or nervous principle of vitality, she said, that through it the soul was united to the body, and the body with the world. . . . . The nerve-spirit is immortal, and accompanies the soul after death, unless where the soul is perfectly pure, and enters at once amongst the blessed. By its means the soul constructs an airy form around *the spirit*. It is capable of increase or growth after death, and, *by its means the spirits who are yet in the mid-region, are brought into connection with a material in the atmosphere, which enables them to make themselves felt and heard by man, and also to suspend the property of gravity and move heavy articles*. When a person dies in a perfectly pure state, which is seldom the case, he does not take this nerve-spirit with him (though indestructible, it remains with the body, and at the general resurrection is united to the soul, and constructs it an aerial form.\*) Blessed spirits, to whom this nerve-spirit is no longer attached, cannot make themselves heard or felt, they appear no more. The purer the spirit is, the higher grade it holds in the mid-region, or intermediate state, and the more entirely it is separated from the nerve-spirit.

\* As the Seeress's *own words* are not quoted, but only the report of them by her biographer, Justinus Kerner, the accuracy of this sentence seems doubtful. At all events it requires farther elucidation.

I beg that the description of the nerve-spirit, which I have purposely italicized, may be compared with the explanation of rapping, moving, &c., given to Dr. Scepticus.

My next account is taken from a most interesting little volume, *Guardian Spirits: a Case of Vision into the Spiritual World*, from the German of H. Werner. J. Allen, New York, 1847. The author of this little book gives no proof whatever of being acquainted with the writings of Swedenborg. On the contrary, he declares his decided disbelief, before this experience, of the phenomena of mesmerism. He was pastor at Bäckelsberg, Stultz, on the Rhine. The translator, A. E. Ford, appears by his preface to be a Swedenborgian. The revelations are given in a series of dialogues between the author and his patient, R—.

AUTHOR.—You said that the magnetic sleep was similar to death. Explain this to me, if you can.

R.—Yes. Certainly. The magnetic state is similar to death. The way in which the soul leaves the body I cannot indeed explain to you; I can only give you an image of it, as I feel it. It seems to me, now, as if, in the waking state, the body were the house of the soul, and it might look out now at this window, now at that. In the somnambulist state, however, the soul has gone out and shut the door of its dwelling. For this reason I now see you and myself, as a third person does a group. I am at your left, and am looking at you and my own body.

AUTHOR.—Will this be the case also in dying?

R.—Yes: only with the difference that the return to the body is then no longer possible. In dying, the spirit leaves its residence exactly as in the magnetic sleep. But as it cannot be without the soul (because they are there united as body and soul) for this reason it cannot rise without it. This latter does not part from the body so easily as the spirit which is divine in its quality; only with hard struggles does the soul leave the body, with which it has much affinity, and which it greatly loves. For this reason it also, for the most part, takes with it in dying its corporeal appendages, which often are not the best; because they have grown, as it were, into its very nature.

AUTHOR.—What distinction is there between spirit and soul?

R.—The spirit is the life of the soul, the eternally divine, begotten from God; the latter belongs to its personal essence, and completes its whole. In its essence it is a spirit-body—and hence can put on altogether the nature of the spirit, and supernaturalize itself; and, on the other hand, can overcome the spirit and more and more corporealize and debase itself. It is the countenance of the spirit its characteristic form, or clothing, as you will. Neither can subsist without the other; they are as closely united as soul and body—how, I cannot tell. These are connections that exceed the power of my eye.

AUTHOR.—But perhaps you can tell me how both are united with the body?

R.—Yes, I can. The soul is the internal sense of the man, by which the spirit expresses its essential activity; the latter gives the soul power for its vital expressions. But that these may be manifested, there is required still a third, which is superadded, and which, at the same time, moves and animates the body. This is an exceedingly fine substance, of which the soul itself seems almost entirely to consist, and with which it pervades the body in all its parts.

AUTHOR.—Is this the so-called nerve-spirit?

R.—You have the right idea. It is what gives to the body eternal life, nobility, and power; but the name does not please me.

AUTHOR.—Do you know any which describes it better?

R.—No; I know no word for it.

AUTHOR.—What becomes of this nerve-spirit in death?

R.—It is indeed taken out of the essence of the soul, but by its operations in the body, has more of its nature than the soul, in itself, considered. *It is always its instrument for operating in the external world.* And, when the soul parts from

the body, this fine substance accompanies it; for it is as well a part of the soul as of the body. Should it stay in the body, this would live on, notwithstanding the soul had left it. This is in some measure the case in my present state. \* \* In death the soul is the body of the spirit, and is destined, if the spirit is not to miss the high end of its creation to become one with it, to be spiritualized. This presents itself to me as another dying; the nerve-spirit is destined at last, as what is more gross and corporeal, to be entirely removed, and the soul to assume the nature of the eternal light of the spirit.

**AUTHOR.**—To what purpose does the nerve-spirit serve after death?

**R.**—It does not renounce its nature; although invisible to the bodily eye, it is very gross and corporeal, in comparison with the essence which spirit and soul form together. The soul cannot free itself immediately after death; each, it may be said, takes something of lower desire with it into the other state—and this is what attracts and weighs the nerve-spirit downward to the earth. Souls quite earthly wrap themselves gladly in it and give thereby the characteristic form to their spirit. By the aid of this substance they can make themselves seen, heard, and felt by men. . . . They can excite sounds in the atmosphere of the earth.

Some very curious particulars of a case of lucid vision induced by magnetism are given in a little work, *Somnolism and Psycheism*, by J. Haddock, M.D., London, 1851. The patient, Emma, "while in a state of extasis made some revelations, in which Dr. Haddock says:—

Man is represented as a spiritual being, rising from what she calls "the shell" of the dead material body, immediately after death; or as soon as the connexion between the soul and its material covering is completely severed, which, she says, does not sometimes occur until a day or two after what appears as death. The risen and emancipated spirit is a perfectly organised existence, preserving the human form, and having a complete sensational perception of his fellow spiritual beings, and of the beautiful scenery of the spiritual spheres; that is, provided he was during life in a moral state in harmony with those spheres. \* \* \* \*

"It seems," said the clairvoyant, "as if the idea of what you should say comes into the mind and they (the angels) tell you what you want to know. When I got with the angels, I seemed like one who had gone a long journey and got home; but I could not tell how I went the journey. When I was seated near the fountain, I asked, 'How people got there?'—meaning how they left the world by death. It was told me that persons were not always dead when their friends thought so, for all the actions of the body stop by degrees. It was sometimes two or three days after what is called death; but was not always alike; some were a longer, others a shorter time. During this time, they were like a person asleep, and in a state between this world and the other. The angels can see them before they can see the angels. . . . As soon as people rise into the spirit-world, angels talk to them, and tell them where they are, and endeavour to lead them upwards."

Mr. A. J. Davis's description of the departure of a spirit in his work, *The Great Harmonia*, will occur to many readers. It is extremely interesting; but its length, as well as the mixed character of Mr. Davis's revelations in general, prevent my inserting it here.

How very differently the birth of the spirit may appear, *even to the same individual*, at different times, according to the greater or less opening of internal vision, will be seen by the following narratives,—the first two given to me by Mrs. J. D., a person in humble life, but of unquestionable good sense and truthfulness; the third, by a friend of many years, whose powers of internal vision are well known to many of the readers of this Magazine.

I give Mrs. D.'s own words as they stand, with her signature attached, in my note book.

When I was sixteen years old, I had been nursing a child of seven, who had been ill since his birth with disease of the head. He had been some days expected to die, quite sensible. About noon I left him in his bed, in a back parlour, on the ground floor. His mother and a friend were with him. I was returning from the kitchen to the child, and had just reached the top of the kitchen staircase, when I saw, coming from the door of the back parlour in which the bed stood, the form of a little child. It did not stop on the ground, but *immediately* went up over the staircase and disappeared from me. The bed in which the sick child had laid was close to the door of the room, and that door was not more than about a foot from the top of the staircase which I came up. As I entered the room his mother said, "He is just gone." The figure that I saw was that of a little child, quite naked, fair and fresh looking, and perfectly healthy. It looked much fatter and younger than the little sick boy, and had a very animated, happy expression.

More than twenty years after that—about ten years since—I was sitting up with the mother of a child who had been ill three or four days with fits. It was more than two years old. The mother had one arm under the child's head. I was on the other side of the bed, lying by the baby; and the fire, a bright one, was on the same side of the room as that on which the mother sate. Suddenly I saw the fire darkened by something which seemed to flutter or move backwards and forwards before it. I noticed this to the mother (who was between the bed and the fire), but she did not see it, and declared the fire was burning brightly. The fits left the child about six o'clock, and it lay perfectly still till it had ceased to breathe, at about half-past ten. I saw the darkening of the fire for an hour before the child died, and the instant it expired the fire was distinctly visible.

1850.

(Signed) J. D.

Sunday, January 6, 1860.

At a little after eight, p.m., I thought Mrs. R— was breathing more from the throat than she had done all day, and went in to look at her. There was only a rushlight, but I found the room in a blaze of light, and saw that over her head were hovering two bright angels; on each side the bed there were two more who held a kind of cradle, and at the foot were several spirits who I think were her own departed ones, as I recognized A— amongst them. Seeing this, I asked E— to bring his brother in. When they came, he passed to the other side of the bed, and F— remained where I stood. I got him to rest upon the bed, and told him to lean on me, but he said, "No; I feel stronger;" and when I looked at him I saw a bright spirit come behind him and hold him up. We stood looking at her for some minutes, and then she breathed *once* heavily, and in about half a minute breathed so again; then I saw the angels at the side lift up the cradle, and those near her head stooped down and lifted *something* from her eyes—which was *herself*. I saw her head and shoulders; the rest seemed to be floating drapery. I first saw them place this in the cradle, and then was obliged to go into the other room to attend to the medicine for F—. About three o'clock the next morning, having occasion to fetch something from the room, I saw the four angels who had stood at the side of the bed still there. I wanted to look at her, and they made way for me to stand beside the bed, whilst I uncovered her face. When I covered it again they fell back to their places, just like guards. I have seen her twice since she left us—once swathed up like a mummy, lying in an alcove, and the second time with a white veil on, when she gave me, through A—, some messages for E—.

E. M. N.

The following vision, which was given in answer to a request for an explanation of death, to a seer unacquainted with the foregoing accounts, is remarkable as confirming their statements of the order in which the various processes are effected.

January, 12th, 1859.

I said I saw a glorious sunset. It is wonderful, indeed! This sunset is shown me as a type of earthly life. Across this glowing sky hastens a group of angels. What are they bearing along with them in such haste? Ah! I see now! They carry a golden cross, a golden cup, and a lily crown. How beautiful are these angels, but they hasten rapidly away! I am going with them. I see where they are going. It is towards the earth where it is cold and twilight. They are gone to comfort a little child! A little, pale, very pale child. The child is about to die. Yes, it is for this child that the angels have brought these glorious gifts of the cross, the cup, and the lily crown. Ah, how pale is the little child! Now it is dying! But how can I describe this wonderful process of death? It is too interior to be described: it should be witnessed. An angel has taken the child, and is drawing forth the internal of the child into the external; the old external child will die, but the new child will be drawn forth, and become the external.

The mode of this is more wonderful than can be conceived. The angel draws forth as with a magnet the various internal particles of the child, and attracts them in a new form. First of all, as by a wonderful music, all the particles of hearing are drawn forth, later on, all the particles of vision, and then will the child behold as well as hear. It is most wonderful!

The following, written with excessive rapidity by the hand of a child eight years old, professes to be an account of the sensations of one, who has passed the boundary. As the young "medium" was perfectly ignorant of any description of death, or of any of the theories on the subject, the coincidence in some minute particulars with Swedenborg's account is very remarkable.

When a mortal dies, some friendly spirit enters the room, and strews rose-leaves over the floor and the body. They then take a tiny silver bell and ring it, which is the signal for the spirit to come out of the body. When I came away, — rang one these tiny bells. It was so gentle, that I came directly to sense. I rose up, and stood by the window. The smell of rose-buds made the room like Paradise. The golden light was shining on the wall, and something seemed to call me. I turned; and it seemed as if a gulf were opening at my feet, and then I saw lying before me a dark thing like a shadow. Something told me it had been myself, and then — came and took me away. I could first see shadows, and the spirit-world quite dazzled me. I looked down on the earth, and saw a quantity of houses, gloomy churches, and little people, so small, that at first I thought it was a shew, and I was glad I had such a pretty place to live in. Since then I have lived in happiness, but one of my happy days was that when I came from the body, and saw the golden light, and smelt the flowers.

\* \* \* \* \*

When we were on earth, the strength of our spirit was locked up, and we could not use it, but now we have the everlasting and beautiful strength of the spirit, and the strength we took from the body, always, which mingles with the spirit's strength.

With respect to the "bell" and the "rose-leaves" it must be remembered, that in accordance with a law, well explained by Swedenborg and other seers, true spiritual communications are always more or less in the language of correspondence. The bell corresponds to the summons, or drawing out, of the spirit by those angelic friends, who are to welcome it on its arrival. The rose-leaves typify their love, and answer to the aromatic odour described by Swedenborg, as accompanying the presence of celestial angels. This has often been observed and spoken of

as the "odour of sanctity" about the death-beds of the good and pure. I hope at some future time to be permitted to give farther illustrations of this law of correspondence.

If the foregoing statements are found to be coherent and rational, we may be prepared to understand more clearly than heretofore, the cheering doctrine of St. Paul, concerning the rising of the spiritual body. The attractive force, or centre, by which every particle is crystallised, so to speak, or polarised into form according to the needs of the individual is the most internal,—the spark given off from the divine life. This is called by the Apostle *pneuma*. But the nervous influence by which it acts in the human being, causing the muscles to move in obedience to the will is, in its more refined portions, the *psyche*, or soul. The ancients, who gave the same name to the soul and to the butterfly, had a better guess at the nature of the resurrection body than our intellectual physiologists.

When we are next called upon to listen to St. Paul's teaching over the perishing dust of some dear friend, let us remember that instead of the departed treasure being buried under the church-yard mould, there to wait for thousands and thousands of years to rise to an indefinite heaven, the resurrection of the spiritual body has taken place already, and the ascent of the risen being to the Lord of all, or to its descent and deterioration, till the last spark of divine life, or good, is extinguished, will surely follow in strict accordance with its own inmost aspirations and affinities.

## SPIRITUALISM v. PSEUDO-SWEDENBORGIANISM.

A Mr. Foster, of Preston, a Swedenborgian, having come to the assistance of the Catholic Priest who retired from the scene after the receipt of Mr. Howitt's letter in our last number, Mr. Howitt has addressed to the *Preston Guardian* the following letter.

"It has thus been ordained by the Lord from eternity that there should be such an intercourse and communion between men and angels."

*Swedenborg's Spiritual Diary*, 2,541, 2,542.

"In the way which they call heresy, worship I the God of my fathers."

*S. Paul*

*To the Editor of the "Preston Guardian."*

"SIR,—It is said that poverty makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, but religious intolerance makes us acquainted with far stranger exhibitions. Whoever would have dreamed

of Swedenborgianism and Popery leaguering together to crush freedom of opinion? Who could have imagined the reputed followers of the great seer and wanderer through spiritual regions shaking hands with the disciples of Loyola to damn the doctrines and life-long practice of their founder? Yet here have we hard-shell Swedenborgianism becoming foster-brother to libellous Papistry. Never, perhaps, did Old Rome and New Jerusalem imagine such a monstrum horrendum, such ghastly twins as they have now produced. Messrs. Christie and Foster are the polemic Darby and Joan of Preston. Father Christie fires off his little pop-gun which frightens nobody, and withdraws from sight, but then comes out Joan Foster, picks up the harmless pellet, dips it in Pseudo-Swedenborgian gall, and flings it afresh. The charge against Spiritualism is precisely the same from both these incongruous allies; it is that Spiritualism proceeds from the devil; but I think nobody could be prepared to find the new ally of Popery a still more unscrupulous adept in the art of distorting facts and dealing in empty myths than the very Jesuits themselves whose cunning has consisted in the unscrupulous mixture of a grain of truth with a cart-load of falsehood. They are masters at telling a little and keeping back a great deal; they make lies by clipping and laming the truth. But I think you will presently admit that Mr. Foster has outdone them at their mystery. The feud that is rending the very vitals of the Swedenborgian body in London has shewn that they are becoming fossilised and intolerant, but I did not look for downright dishonesty in one of that creed. Spiritualism, in the shape of Mr. Harris, has thrown a bombshell into the midst of them; one might conceive jealousy, one might expect alarm, but one could not so readily imagine literary felony in a dweller in the New Jerusalem.

"Yet what will you say when I tell you that the greater part of the letter on Spiritualism in your supplement, signed 'E. Foster,' is a wholesale theft? The whole of the letter, except the first paragraph, is stolen bodily from 'A Discourse by the Rev. O. Prescott Hiller,' of the New Church, an American, published by the Conference, and reprinted in the *Intellectual Repository*, No. 68. I send you a copy of it, published in the *Spiritual Telegraph* of July 1st, 1859, whence, no doubt, your correspondent has purloined it. There you will see that he has merely altered a few words, chiefly at the commencement, for the sake of disguise; but that, with this trivial exception, the whole of his letter, from the words beginning 'The Spiritualists of our day are egregiously mistaken,' down to 'it is disorderly to feel in any way their 'manifest operations,' is a wholesale plagiarism of no less than 75 lines of your columns,

including the whole quotation from Swedenborg. Here is a pretty fellow! Here is a parade of learning indeed! What a spectacle!—a Swedenborgian jackdaw tricked out in the peacock-feathers of Mr. O. Prescott Hiller! This is doing the devil's work with a vengeance, whilst chastising others for devilism. To cudgel the innocent is bad enough, but to steal a cane to do it with is *piquantly* wicked. And all this comes of Brother Foster fostering unholy passions, and not listening to Christ's advice, to see whether his own hands are clean before he begins stoning imagined offenders.

"It hardly seems worth while to notice further the attacks of a man who, whilst professing to serve truth and Christianity, is doing the work of the devil, by literary theft and imposture. It might be enough to say to this convicted plagiarist, in reply to his accusations of devilism, 'His servants ye are to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey.' But though the man himself deserves nothing but the contempt of every honest mind, he has brought up some litter which needs dispersing.

"'The Spiritualists,' says Mr. O. P. Hiller, 'are mistaken'—and Mr. Foster intensifies his plundered article by adding 'egregiously' mistaken—'if they imagine that they have discovered anything new;' that this spirit influence 'is as ancient as the oldest recorded facts.' It is not the Spiritualists, but their opponents, who imagine any such thing. The Spiritualists assert, and that on the evidence of the records of all nations, pre-eminently of the Hebrews, that this privilege of communion between spirits in the flesh and out of the flesh is a great law of nature and of God, commencing with creation and co-extensive with it. This is precisely what I have myself asserted a score times in the *Spiritual Telegraph*, the *Spiritual Magazine*, the *Morning Star*, in newspapers, and literary journals. We know that this beneficent influence, this gracious gift of God, has been known in all times and all nations, and is conspicuous in all literatures. We know that it is that power within us which is continually drawing us upward, and opening vistas into heaven. Swedenborg taught this fundamental faith of all lands and times, though his pretended followers would put the stamp of devilism upon it. 'This privilege,' he says, in his *Arcana Cœlestia* (9,438), 'is granted to man during his life in the world, to whom it has been given by the Lord, to discourse with spirits and angels, for man is a spirit and angel as to his interiors.' We know, however, that it has its two sides, like everything else. That, like everything, it may easily be vitiated; that, pursued only for spiritual edification, by holy means, and by trust in Christ, as orderly Spiritualists pursue it—as the patriarchs, prophets, and saints pursued it—it is legitimate, sacred, inestimable. That,



pursued as the depraved Jews pursued it, expressly seeking to devils, and for base purposes, it is sorcery, and sinful. We are all agreed upon this point; it is only Jesuits and Pseudo-Swedenborgians, who are infected by the old leaven of persecution, which sent the martyrs to the stake as dealers with the devil.

"Why, sir, these men, had they lived in the time of Christ, would have charged him as the Jews did, with dealings with the devil. They would have said, 'See! this man has the closest intercourse with the devil. He has been secreted with him in the desert for forty days and nights together. It is known that he has suffered the devil to carry him up into the mountains, and to the top of the temple. Other spirits, no doubt familiars, have come and borne him down again.' They are but libelling us, as they would have libelled our Saviour.

"But whoever made the quotation from Swedenborg did a very foolish thing. Swedenborg, they say, declares that there is danger in intercourse with spirits; and, therefore, nobody is to have intercourse with them, be they good or bad. And yet this Swedenborg, of all men living, declares himself to have spent the greater part of his life in such intercourse. He tells us of his interviews with all sorts of spirits—in heaven, in hell, and on the earth—from the Holy Spirit to demons; and that he, through this intercourse, discovered those great truths in which his writings abound. Nay, he would go on special messages to spirits, as he did for the Queen of Sweden to that old rascal miscalled Frederick the Great. If, as it has been well observed, Swedenborg condemns spiritual intercourse, of all men he condemns himself. But Swedenborg does nothing of the kind: he only tells you there are dangers, as there are ineffable advantages.

"But Mr. Foster seems to have learned from his new allies, the Jesuits, their trick of telling only one side of a story. This is the way in which he has treated all the facts and statements of his letter. He quotes the Jewish law aimed at detestable Jewish practices, as the vilest necromancy; but he does not tell you that Christ himself most solemnly abrogated this law of non-intercourse with the dead, by seeking *the spirits of the dead*, Moses and Elias, on the Mount of Transfiguration, and introducing his disciples to them. I have shewn the completeness of this remarkable abrogation of the law which Mr. Foster quotes, both in the *Spiritual Telegraph* and in the *Morning Star*, and of our Saviour's inauguration of the new liberty, by raising and sending the dead into Jerusalem at his crucifixion, and by sending one of the dead—'one of his brethren the prophets'—to St. John, in Patmos. But if Mr. Foster still thinks that we are bound by all the clauses of the Jewish law, he should lose no time in getting circumcised, and setting up a harem of half-a-dozen wives. He should stone

to death not only the first adulteress that he meets, but every sculptor and painter that he can find.

"I have shown Mr. Foster's literary larceny; let me now point out his aggravations of this offence, by misrepresenting various facts regarding Spiritualism in America. It is a curious circumstance that the opponents of Spiritualism so continually fly across the Atlantic for their charges against it. Here Mr. Foster Jesuitizes again. They are American myths that these Jesuit fathers particularly deal in. Spiritualism is widely spread in England; its results are well known; all its facts are most easy of ascertainment; why, then, do not these gentlemen draw their statistics from home? Simply because everybody knows—who knows anything of Spiritualism—that here it is orderly, salutary, and holy, producing only 'peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.' But America, these learned gentlemen seem to think, is so far off, and so little known, that they may propagate the grossest falsehoods as American facts without detection. The short-sightedness of this is astonishing, as they should know that everything occurring in America is known here in a few weeks at the furthest, through newspapers, letters, and periodicals; and I warn opponents for their good, that the English Spiritualists are perfectly familiar with the spiritual statistics of America, and ready at any moment to expose any perversions of truth.

"Let us now notice Mr. Foster's statement regarding Dr. Randolph and Judge Edmonds. I do not pin my faith entirely on Dr. Randolph. Many think him a good medium, and he may be so, but he was an eccentric and a fanatic, just as Catholicism, and Swedenborgianism, and every other ism has had its eccentrics and fanatics. St. Anthony and St. Dunstan and a thousand other saints were plagued and made miserable and half mad by devils; many—a very large class of the present community—think the same of Swedenborg, and why should not Dr. Randolph be so? He says he was driven to desperation, and even to attempt his life—by what? By neglecting the Scripture rule of 'trying the spirits.' He made a recantation, but of what? Of scientific Spiritualism only, not of religious Spiritualism. He declared over and over in public meetings that he never had recanted '*true* Spiritualism, which, he said, was the very essence of Christianity; it was only the false, the fanaticism, the machine-mediumship that he had renounced.' He is a firm Spiritualist, and, say they who know him, a good teacher: constantly acknowledging the cause of his aberration—his neglect to try the spirits. He says in his letters—'Spiritualism is grown to be a first-rate power in the world, and its facts will remain facts, stubborn as iron in spite of all gainsayers.' Spiritualists are always warning the inexperienced, as the Apostle warned the churches, not to be

subject to the spirits, but to 'try them, whether they are of God.' There cannot be a fairer definition of the law and practice of modern Spiritualism than is given in the motto of the *Spiritual Magazine*.—'Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx. It is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny; and its application to a regenerate life. It recognises a *continuous* Divine inspiration in Man: it aims through a careful and reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.' That surely is an object worthy of the Christian of every creed or name. And when Mr. Foster quotes conjurors he should not be surprised if they commit him to something that he will have cause to regret. It is well known that the statements regarding the amount of insanity resulting from Spiritualism in America, for which he takes the Wizard of the North as his voucher, were most false and groundless. The Spiritualists of the United States immediately examined the returns of their lunatic asylums, and so far from 'nearly nine-tenths of the inmates being victims of Spiritualism,' it presented by far the lowest figures on the scale of all exciting causes. I cannot give all the details here. The worst returns were those of sixteen insane asylums, which gave—Insane from religious excitement, 417; from Spiritualism, 34. But the rest were very much on the scale of the State Lunatic Asylum at Worcester, Massachusetts,—Excessive labour, 79; disappointed love, 98; politics, 3; fright, 25; Millerism, 10; religious excitement, 161; pecuniary loss, anxiety, and fear of poverty, 175; infidelity, Mesmerism, Pantheism, each 1; Spiritualism, 0. I would advise Mr. Foster not to quote conjurors again.

"The garbling process, so common to Jesuits, and appearing likely to be adopted by Swedenborgians, has led Mr. Foster to give the same false ideas of Judge Edmonds. The worthy judge says that 'at the *outset*, there is great danger of being deceived,' and that he had been so. But what did Judge Edmonds do? Turn back from the quest of truth by the dread of danger? Certainly not. Danger! What childish platitude! Why, there is danger in everything; in walking, for we may fall and break a leg; in eating, for we may be choked; in going on shipboard, for we may be drowned; in travelling by rail, for we may be crushed to death; but does any one dream of ceasing to walk, to eat, to voyage, to travel by train on that account? Danger! Is not every preacher in every church and chapel the world over for ever declaiming with all his energies on our danger from the con-

tinued interference of the devil? But does any one on that account ever think of abandoning Christianity in any of its forms, as dangerous? Judge Edmonds went on like a man, and soon struck through the fogs of first uncertainties, and is one of the staunchest of Spiritualists; finds, and has always found, the highest peace and comfort in it; sees his daughter enjoying the same satisfaction from it; has written a large and important work, and a great many tracts upon it; and in the very opening article of the *Spiritual Magazine*, January, 1860, has these concluding words—‘I can safely assert, after nearly nine years’ earnest attention to the subject, that there is nothing in Spiritualism that does not directly tend to the most exalted private worth and public virtue,’ adding ‘because it never fails to awaken in the heart that devotion which is at once a badge and an attribute of our immortality.’

“Do these opponents want anything more about Spiritualism in America? I will give it them. Mr. Robert Chambers has been making an extensive tour in the United States. I saw him the other day, and asked him, What of Spiritualism in the States? He replied, ‘I have studied that question wherever I have gone, and the result was most satisfactory. There the great fight is over; you hear little comparatively said of it, but you find it in all the churches. It has given new evidence, new life, a new leaven to Christianity there. It has destroyed much bigotry and sectarian feeling; it has wonderfully quickened the pulse of the religious heart, and spread a sounder, nobler tone of faith, a more palpable sentiment of ‘peace on earth and goodwill towards men.’

“As to all the deification of Swedenborg towards the close of Mr. Foster’s letter, of his being the only man capable of passing amongst spirits without injury, I don’t believe a word of it. It is the mere egotism of a small class of men, who, by calling themselves Swedenborgians, think they engross the whole Swedenborgian faith; a set of men who have begun to idolize the man instead of prosecuting, in his grand spirit and temper, the same limitless inquiries. It is a sign that they are already losing the first animating fire of Swedenborg’s zeal and prophecy—are freezing and petrifying into a sect. Truth is of a giant breed; no sect can bind it in swaddling bands. It will burst them, and fly all abroad, vivifying the churches; leaving all mere man-worshippers at the foot of their idol, a dead circle of shells and rubbish. Swedenborg himself speaks with a far deeper knowledge. ‘Man,’ he says ‘was so created that during his life on earth amongst men, he might, at the same time, also live in heaven amongst angels, and during his life amongst angels he might at the same time also live on earth amongst men; so that

heaven and earth might be together, and might form a one; men knowing what is in heaven, and angels what is in the world.'—*Arcana Cœlestia*, 1,880.

"Now, if this was the condition of man before the fall, Christ by restoring him from the fall, has re-opened and renewed this condition; and there is no reason why not one man, but millions of men, shall not enter into it. There is no patent granted to Swedenborg to stand in the doorway of this middle passage betwixt the two worlds, and keep all other men out. Other men will boldly press in, and will find the same protection of the Lord, who is not Lord of Swedenborg alone, but of all who have souls who put their trust in Him.

"Here it is my intention to leave these misquoting and evil-speaking men. So long as Spiritualism stands simply on the broad generous nature of the Gospel; so long as it refuses to narrow itself to the petty interests of a sect; so long as it refuses to dogmatize and to persecute; so long as it seeks purity of soul and breathes benevolence of purpose, it will defy all the assaults of calumny. They may continue to call us sorcerers; no matter, we are not so, any more than were Luther, Melancthon, Zwinglius, Ecolampadus, and thousands of other reformers, who were by the dominant church of their time termed the spawn of the devil. New Jerusalem, hobnobbing with old Jesuitism, may misquote and garble; but after this exposure of their system, simple must they be who believe them.—Yours very truly,

"January 2nd, 1861."

"WILLIAM HOWITT.

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## Correspondence.

### THE QUESTION OF CUI BONO ANSWERED.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

"It is a beautiful belief,  
That ever round our head  
Are floating on angels' wings  
The spirits of the dead."—MRS. BEECHER STOWE.

SIR,—The records in your journal during the past year, prove that spiritual manifestations have been known and recognised in all times and in all countries. Yet the present self-constituted leaders of public opinion in this country, in defiance of the historical events of the last 13 years, during which it has spread throughout the States of intelligent America—in many parts of England, France, and Germany—have tried to ignore its existence altogether, by denying the testimony, heaping

ridicule on all who ventured to proclaim the truth, and giving such multiform reasons to prove the impossibility of well-attested facts, that the best and most complete answer which could be given to these pseudo-philosophers, would be to quote to each the other's irreconcilable reasonings and explanations.

But there are other objectors who are entitled to more respectful consideration. Some there are who believe in the miracles of the Bible, but not in the possibility of modern miracles. Others believe in the power of spirits to interfere in human affairs, but see only in such the agency of the devil; and others again, the most numerous of all, believe in nothing beyond their natural ken, and therefore not in an existence beyond the present life. It is, indeed, a curious study to observe the various workings of the human mind, which such a subject as Spiritualism evokes.

Thanks to the intelligent and unselfish character of your advocacy, and the powerful aid you receive from men of known integrity, Spiritualism has at length taken deep root in the minds of the community of this country, as evidenced by the active controversy which has arisen in the metropolis and in the leading provincial towns of the United Kingdom. Those only who have studied the subject thoroughly, and have sympathised in all that relates to this interesting question, can have any idea how generally the facts have become known, and how widely the phenomena have been witnessed. I can, for instance, enumerate not less than eighteen families in my own circle of acquaintance, where the mediumistic power in one or other of its numerous phases exists, and this at once proves its widespread reality, and satisfies me that the recent statement published in America, where it is said that there are at least 30,000 mediums and three millions of believers, is no exaggeration.

I am also able to say with truth, that I know four men of high intelligence, occupying respectable positions in society, who having had no belief in a life eternal, are now by their recognition of the truths of Spiritualism entirely changed in thought and aspirations, and I am permitted by one of them to give his name and address, which I do with pleasure, feeling assured that there is no Christian man or woman, who will not reverence one, whose honest candour impels him to publicly proclaim his new-born convictions and his past religious errors.

The gentleman I allude to is Mr. James Wason, of Wason's Buildings, Liverpool, a solicitor of many years' standing, with whom I have been on terms of intimacy for a long period. In a recent letter, he says:—"If you think it will in any degree serve the cause, I have no objection to your using my name and address in a letter to the *Spiritual Magazine*, and stating that

until I had what was to me proof positive of the power of spirits to communicate with mortals, I had no belief in a life hereafter." And I may add, from my own knowledge of my friend, that though he was always esteemed a most excellent person in all his social relations, I never met with a more determined dissenter from the teachings of the Bible.

Do we need anything more than such examples to answer the sceptic's question of *Cui bono*? Need we be scared from the spread of Spiritualism by the priestcraft cry of satanic agency?

Surely with such an example, and the hundreds of similar well-known cases, it is not reasonable to insist that the devil is and must be the master spirit of the transaction, howsoever fair and pleasing it may seem to us. This cry of satanic agency, put forward by the opponents of Spiritualism, is like all others I have heard, quite untenable. It is the cry of orthodox Christians, who find in it a refuge when accumulated *facts* have annihilated all their other theories. With every disposition to respect the conscientious religious scruples of all men, I am at a loss to comprehend how professing Christians reconcile this theory of satanic agency with the decided and unmistakable injunction of St. John, 4th chapter, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God." "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus is the Christ come in the flesh is of God," &c. It is clear that the Apostle acknowledged the existence of spirits, good and bad, and so does every Spiritualist. Therefore, to this extent, it may be said that they are more orthodox than the clerical objectors, and their pious followers.

Let us be patient, and ere long we shall probably be furnished with a satisfactory answer for all classes of sceptics. Mr. Home's residence amongst us is a great boon. Happily he is placed beyond suspicion in one respect. He is not a professional medium, and those who have thought to strangle enquiry by well or ill-founded imputations on humble women, because they receive of necessity payment for their services, now have to answer the accumulated testimony of men above suspicion, who are daily witnesses of the most marvellous phenomena evoked by Mr. Home's mediumship, under entirely new conditions. It is known that some of the most remarkable manifestations have hitherto been made in a darkened room. Such was the condition demanded by the invisible agents; though every sense but that of sight was satisfied, and unmistakable results followed—yet the querulous sceptic would not have them; the spirits, forsooth, must accept conditions, not dictate them. With as much reason might it be demanded that the artist should conduct the whole photographic process in the full glare of a summer sunlight, or the sceptic would reject the fact of the portrait before him.

I have myself seen an accordion and a piano played upon without any human hand touching them; and we are even told by a reliable witness that at a recent *séance* in America a piano, weighing eight hundred pounds, was suspended in the air for several minutes, and played upon in the presence of thirty persons, in broad daylight, no one being within ten feet of the instrument. Astounding as such a statement may appear, it is not a whit more improbable than the manifestations which are now daily witnessed by scores of persons moving in the best society in London. Let us, therefore, be patient, and the Sadducees will have either to shift their ground or to yield to the overwhelming evidences of these derided spiritual manifestations. I am, &c.,

48, Pembridge Villas, Bayswater.

BENJ. COLEMAN.

THE SPIRITUAL THEORY EVIDENCED BY ANALOGY.—There is a class of proof of the Spiritualist Theory which comes properly under the head of Special Analogy to which those versed in the laws of evidence would be forced to give immense weight, and of which, so far as I know, the Spiritualists themselves have not so forcibly and skilfully availed themselves as they might. I advert to the corroboration of different witnesses in their testimony to the same general fact, coupled with a diversity and seeming contradiction in particulars. Each of these circumstances, the agreement in generals, and the difference in particulars, contributes equally to the strengthening of proof. If witnesses do not agree in the main facts of a statement, in relation to any matter, their testimonies mutually destroy each other; if, on the other hand, they agree absolutely in all the details and particulars, this very agreement is conclusive evidence of collusion and fraud, since no two persons ever see precisely the same facts in all their minutiae. Either too much disagreement or too much agreement of different witnesses is fatal to credibility. Now the multitudinous testimonies in relation to the spirit-world emanating from seers, trance-mediums, and others at this day, all over this country and the world, have a wonderful identity as respects the great outlines of the subject, and an equally wonderful diversity in particulars; and these are precisely the conditions requisite to induce belief. It is said that Emerson has observed that, "Let who will ask a question, and let who will be the medium, the response from the spirit-world is always given by Swedenborg." If he has said this, he must have meant that the statements of Swedenborg are always essentially confirmed; and if so, nothing could speak more loudly in behalf of the facts stated, when we know that not one in a hundred of the mediums ever heard of Swedenborg's specific relations, and that many of them do not to this day so much as know his name. Among the grand features of identity in the testimony of the host of witnesses in behalf of Spiritualism are these: That spirits are men and women who have survived death, and not an independent and distinct race of beings, as angels and devils have been conceived to be; in other words, that the spirit-world rests upon, and is derived from this world; that spirits are *still* essentially men and women, with bodies which are substantially copies of the human, with all their members complete and with none added; that these bodies are to their inhabitants as substantial as ours to us, and that they reside in a substantial or real world, which is only not called material, because it differs from ours, but which is just as actual and positively existent as this; that spirits, as to their minds, passions, capacities, and aspirations, are still men and women, only in a new stage of development, but without essential change; that spirits consociate by internal attraction, and not by the force of external circumstances as men do here. In the midst of this general agreement upon points, many of which are diametrically opposed to the prevalent ideas of the whole world except the Swedenborgian Church, there is, as I have said, the greatest diversity in details.—S. P. ANDREWS.